

March 29
1899

Zion's Herald



At Easter Dawn

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

*He sleeps, a red wound in each hand,
And one His side is staining;
Rough nails have pierced those shrink-
ing feet
So tender in their veining.*



*Oh, women, bringing rare perfume,
Add sprays of palm for crowning.
But stay your steps! Behold that
tomb!
Gone, gone its portal frowning!*



*Rejoice! rejoice! Christ risen is!
Quick, bear away the story!
Death's night is o'er, and from that
tomb
There breaks the Easter glory.*



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Number 13

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CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Severe Fighting in Luzon

Last Saturday the real advance against the insurgents began. The main body of the Filipinos was concentrated at Malabon, with reserves at Polo. The last-named place is seven miles from Manila and seventeen miles from Malolos, the rebel capital where the body-guard of Aguinaldo was stationed. General Wheaton advanced from Caloocan, and General MacArthur made an attempt to get to the north of the insurgents and prevent them from falling back to Polo. This plan to pocket the insurgents failed on account of the character of the country through which MacArthur had to move his troops, and so the insurgents escaped. At Malinta, two miles from Polo, they made a determined effort to resist our advance, and it was with great difficulty that they were driven out. Colonel Egbert of the Twenty-second United States Infantry was killed during this battle. Polo was captured without much resistance, but the insurgents set it on fire as they retreated. On Monday about a thousand of the Filipinos made a stand at Marilao, across the Marilao River, where there are strong intrenchments, but were driven out, and our forces spent the night there. The chase was continued on Tuesday, and while the fighting was still fierce the courage of the insurgents began to fail. Of course the duration of the battle is also very trying to the strength of our own men, but they have retained their spirits remarkably well. Our progress must necessarily be slow because of the character of the country over which our troops must pass. It is swamp, morass, jungle and low hills which offer points of vantage to Aguinaldo's men; but the capture of Malolos is probably only a question of hours, and it may be accomplished before tomorrow night.

Our Forces in the Philippines

General Otis has under his command an army of 29,500 men. It is expected that by the end of the present week he will be re-enforced by 1,600 regulars. Six other regiments of the regular army

are under orders for Manila, and it is hoped that at least half of them will be able to sail from San Francisco by the 20th of April. This will increase his force to 35,500, making no allowance for casualties. Besides this he will have such assistance as Admiral Dewey is able to render, and even without waiting for the six additional regiments it is believed he will be able to take the insurgent capital (Malolos). Aguinaldo has been constructing intrenchments between Polo and Manila for many months, and the fact that our troops made their way through five miles of the strongest of them affords encouragement. The number of Filipinos under arms is probably from 30,000 to 35,000, and of these there are 3,000 to the south of Manila. The character of the resistance offered by the enemy lends color to the report that many of the Spanish soldiers joined the insurgents rather than return home. There is also a body of natives who were formerly in the Spanish army, but who joined Aguinaldo at the beginning of the last outbreak against the rule of Spain. The killed and wounded up to the last report number 307, of which 37 were killed. The insurgent loss is very much larger and can only be estimated. The number of prisoners is very large.

Canada's Bid for Commerce

Plans have already been made for the construction of large elevators and other terminal appliances at Montreal. Great improvements have been made on the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, and a very large grain trade is already in existence. But Canada is not content with that. She has entered upon the construction of a new waterway from the St. Lawrence to the Upper Lakes direct. There is already a canal from Montreal to Ottawa, and this is to be extended along the line of the Ottawa River to Lake Nipissing, and thence along the French River to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. It is expected that this whole system will be completed within three years, with twice the depth of the Erie Canal. Large lake steamers and barges will pass from Duluth to tidewater, or to the terminal at Montreal. The plan contemplates a future deepening so that ocean steamers will be able to carry cargoes direct from Lake Superior to Liverpool. The distance from Chicago to Liverpool by the St. Lawrence route is 450 miles shorter than by that of the Erie Canal; but the Ottawa route will reduce that distance by 250 miles—bringing Chicago 700 miles nearer Liverpool. Three years from now, when it is possible to send a cargo of grain from any point on Lake Superior or Lake Michigan direct to

Liverpool without trans-shipment, all the European trade from the Upper Lakes will go by that route. Thus does "Our Lady of the Snows" threaten the carrying trade of the United States.

Cuban Assembly Still Delays

The so-called Cuban Assembly is composed of about thirty generals, and calls itself the administrative and authoritative body of the Cuban army. The United States does not recognize any army in Cuba except that composed of its own men. It recognizes an armed force of which General Gomez is still the real head, notwithstanding the Assembly claims to have dismissed him. The muster rolls of this armed force have been in the hands of the Inspector-General, but just as he was about to deliver them to General Brooke the Assembly took them into its keeping. The muster rolls are needed in order to begin the distribution of the three million dollars which has been sent out for the relief of the soldiers of the Cuban army. By seizing them the Assembly hopes to be able to compel General Brooke to recognize its official character by asking for them. The records being public property cannot rightfully be held by any individual or body of individuals. They may be seized by force if necessary. The Secretary of War having just reached Havana, General Brooke is evidently waiting to confer with him before proceeding to extreme measures. In the meantime the Assembly has sent a committee of two of its members to the United States to try to obtain at least an unofficial interview with the President. The ostensible reason is that they want to ask for more money; the real reason is that they hope in some way to obtain something in the way of recognition of the body which sends them. Pending their return the Assembly has adjourned to meet April 1.

Wake Island

In an unfrequented part of the Pacific Ocean, lying midway between Honolulu and Guam, is the derelict atoll known as Wake Island. It differs in no wise from many such formations—a coral reef surrounding a lagoon of salt water. If it ever had an inhabitant, he could not have stayed long, and while it has been known for many years, it has never had a claimant until now. The United States has some claims by right of discovery, but it may be questioned whether it is possible to substantiate the claims. On the 17th of January the gunboat Bennington, on her way to Manila, sighted the island, and sent a boat ashore to take formal possession in the name of

the United States. A flagstaff was set up, the Stars and Stripes unfurled, and a tablet erected citing the fact that the island is one of the possessions of this country. This being done, the Bennington went on her way. Some day it will be used as a cable anchorage, and possibly as a harbor of refuge, if subsequent surveys shall warrant. In the meantime no other nation is likely to want it, and no other claimant to appear.

Taxing Revolutions

Ecuador has its full share of revolutions in common with the other South American republics, but an association of prominent citizens at Quito proposes to tax revolutions as luxuries. Hereafter, if a law can be enacted, the unsuccessful revolutionist will be taxed to the full value of his property if necessary, and all claims for indemnity will be paid from this new source of revenue. It is only confiscation under another name, but it sounds better to call it a tax, and if citizens contemplating revolution know they must pay all claims for damages in case of failure, they will be slow to begin. The idea is certainly original and worthy of trial.

Messenger Boy No. 757

Last Wednesday morning William Thomas Jagers, Jr., sailed from New York for London to report to Richard Harding Davis who about ten days before had started him across the ocean with three letters. One of these letters was to be delivered in New York, one in Chicago, and one in Philadelphia. This done, the messenger — who belongs to the London District Messenger Service, and whose number is 757 — was to return in the same steamer in which he came over. He is only thirteen years old, and such a feat by such a youth is well worth remembering. It is not very long since a messenger boy was despatched from New York to Aiken, South Carolina, but this is the first time, so far as known, that any boy has been sent on so long a journey. It shows the facilities for travel when a boy of this age can make such a trip all by himself, and it shows that the spirit of adventure has not altogether died out of the modern boy.

General Miles Visits Boston

Nelson A. Miles was a clerk in a crockery store at the breaking out of the civil war. He enlisted in a company recruited chiefly in Roxbury, and was made a second lieutenant. That was the beginning of his military career. He steadily fought his way to the highest place in the regular army. While he has not been above criticism, he has had a career which has been distinctly honorable. In personal appearance he is the typical soldier, handsome, of magnificent physique, and pleasing manners. His visit to Boston last week was marked with the distinguished honors due his rank, and with expressions of warm personal friendship from those with whom he has maintained intimate relations from boyhood. He was enthusiastically received both in Boston and in Cambridge where he went to address the students. How-

ever much he may have erred in giving too full expression to his grievances in other places, he was discreet to the last degree here. His visit has done much to raise him in the estimation of the people of Massachusetts, and if higher honors await him, they will feel that such honors have been well bestowed.

Semi-Disfranchised States

Seven years ago the State of Montana failed to elect a senator. The governor promptly appointed one after the legislature adjourned, but when his credentials were presented, the Senate decided that the power of a governor to appoint a senator applies only to vacancies occurring when the legislature is not in session; if the legislature fail to elect, the only recourse left is to wait for another legislature. So Montana was represented by only a single member of the Senate during one session of Congress. Delaware was the next to suffer, and Oregon and Kentucky followed soon after. Now the legislatures of Utah, Delaware and California have failed to elect, have adjourned *sine die*, and forced these States either to put up with only half their lawful representation in the Senate, or to call another session. Pennsylvania has not yet succeeded in electing Quay to succeed himself, and it is remotely possible that this State also may suffer with the others. The National House has at least twice passed a resolution providing for voting on an amendment to the Constitution so that States shall choose their senators at the polls, but the Senate has refused to join with the House. In the treasury of Montana there is the sum of \$40,000 which was confiscated as money paid to members of the legislature to influence their votes in favor of the successful candidate. Open and violent charges of bribery have been made in other States, and at this moment every member of the lower house in Pennsylvania is being interrogated by a committee of that body as to the improper use of money.

Possibilities of the Telephone

To maintain a telephone service with 2,000 subscribers costs more than twenty times as much as to maintain a service with 200 subscribers. It would seem that the telephone was specially designed for rural communities. Out in Ohio this has been proved. Eight of the leading farmers in Geauga County formed a company to give a cheap telephone service throughout the country. The stockholders did a large part of the work themselves, and the officers of the corporation took off their coats and helped set the posts and string the wire. When it was finished it offered telephone service throughout the county at the rate of \$12 per annum, or \$1.50 per month in advance. Subscribers were also furnished free connection with two quite extensive lines beyond the limits of their own county. Its very considerable contribution to the convenience, comfort and companionship of the farmers and their families at once commended it to a comparatively large number of subscribers. Once put in a house it becomes a neces-

sity and is very seldom taken out. The telephone is a great time-saver in the city; in the country it is of much greater service to the industrial and social lives, and it is quite likely that the success of the Ohio experiment will result in other attempts to benefit the farmers and their families.

Pennsylvania and the Soudan

The British War office is in great haste to build a bridge across the Atbara River, near Khartoum. It is needed before the early fall to facilitate the operations of General Kitchener against the Mahdi. When the English bridgebuilders were consulted they said it would take seven months to complete the structure. Six weeks ago an order to build the bridge was placed with the Pencoyd Iron Works of Philadelphia. The several parts of the bridge — which is 1,100 feet long — are already shipped; the crew to set it up is about leaving Philadelphia; and it is expected that long before the coming of summer the work will be completed. This has moved one of the Philadelphia newspapers to say that "not since the Israelites crossed the Red Sea has there been such rapid constructive work for getting across the water in Egypt."

Railroad Prosperity

The report of the income accounts of the railroads of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1898, shows that the gross earnings of ninety-seven per cent. of the total mileage amounted to \$1,238,523,380. This is an increase over the previous year of \$116,433,607. The operating expenses were increased to the amount of \$58,716,994, but even then the net income was increased by \$57,716,913. This is a most excellent showing, more especially as the first six months of the year showed results much less satisfactory. The return of confidence in the financial situation, the diminished amount of hostile legislation, and the smaller instances of disastrous rate cutting, have all contributed to this, but in the main it is due to the general revival of prosperity in the various industries during the year. There is better management than ever before, money is easier, and while there is still too much watered stock, the amount has been considerably reduced. These figures show that the railroads are well prepared to further the advance already well begun along almost all industrial lines.

Commercial Distrust of Trusts

It is stated on the best authority obtainable that at the close of last month there were 353 trusts of various kinds attempting to monopolize business and industrial pursuits. The aggregate capital, as indicated by the stock and bonded indebtedness, was \$5,832,882,842. If it be remembered that the census of 1890 shows that the entire capital then employed in the manufacturing and mechanical industries, including all the retail dealers, amounted to only \$6,525,000,000, the tremendous grip of monopoly will be apparent. No such stupendous revolution has ever been seen before in the history of the world. Its magnitude

is only equaled by the rapidity with which it has been accomplished. The industries of the United States are now an organized system of feudalized corporations. The statute law has been openly ignored, and the laws of trade set at defiance. All this has been done by the most important class of our trained and responsible capitalists. That such a class of men should have taken so long a step in the dark is hardly credible, but these are the facts as given in the advance sheets of the Commercial Year Book. There are danger signals already set. Investors have been warned that stock in these corporations is so largely watered that many of them cannot be expected to pay satisfactory dividends, and the banks look upon them as very unsatisfactory collateral. The business has been overdone. It may not have entered upon its own destruction, but it has yet to face difficulties of the gravest kind where there is no precedent to guide and very few experts competent to advise.

Teaching Scholars to Save Money

An exceedingly bright woman is superintendent of public schools in Bangor, Maine. She has introduced a plan for teaching habits of prudence that deserves universal application. Having discovered schools where nearly or quite one-half the scholars belonged to families helped by some form of charity, she found these young boys and girls managed in some way to get a few cents almost every morning which they invested in candy, with the natural result of candy indigestion which made them dull and ill-natured. Last October she developed a plan to do away with the indigestion and save the money. The teachers were allowed to open regular accounts with the scholars in their respective rooms, and as soon as a scholar had one dollar to his credit the teacher went with him to the savings bank and deposited it in his name. The account was added to as soon as another dollar had been saved. After a trial of less than six months it is found that seventy-five per cent. of all the scholars below the high school grade are depositors. There are already more than two hundred accounts opened at the savings bank averaging \$2 each. The school authorities endorse the curfew act recently passed, and in this endorsement they are joined by the police, the press, and the pulpit.

Where Three Empires Meet in Africa

Great Britain and France have signed an agreement delimiting their respective frontiers in Central Africa, and will undertake to restrain their subjects from exercising territorial or political rights beyond the boundaries fixed by the convention. Great Britain is left in complete possession of the Nile from the Delta to the Lakes. She has the whole Bahr-el-Ghazel region, Darfur and Kordofan — all that was claimed by Egypt before the Mahdist revolt. Westward all will be British to about the twenty-fifth meridian of east longitude. This gives her an unbroken strip of land across Africa from Zanzibar to the Med-

iterranean. France is left with a larger share of Africa than that of any other Power. It is an enormous empire in itself, fronting upon the Gulf of Guinea, the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and extending across the Soudan and Sahara as far as Lake Tchad. Here the three empires meet. The German Cameroons touch its southern shores, its northern and eastern shores are French, and the British Niger territories take in the southern and western sides. This settlement makes Great Britain and France friends once more, and Cecil Rhodes' agreement with Germany for British railroads and telegraphs across German East Africa will bring all these nations into friendly relations in Africa. Thus one of the questions which threatened the peace of nations has been settled to the satisfaction of all.

Buying of Our Own People

The annexation of Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and, to all intents and purposes, Cuba, will assuredly increase our trade with those islands. But in order to sell we must buy. People cannot spend money unless they have it. These islands have two great staple products for which we are annually paying \$200,000,000. These are sugar and coffee. With the introduction of American capital, and an open market in the United States, there is no manner of doubt that the islands would be able to furnish us with all the sugar and coffee we can use. There still remain tropical fruits, tobacco, hemp, and a few other articles for which the United States offers the best market. Under normal conditions these islands import \$110,000,000 worth of goods every year. We can easily, readily, and cheaply supply every dollar's worth. An increasing prosperity will soon double the importations. Thus as one of the consequences of the war, we have opened a market with large promise. Commercially adjacent to the Philippines are countries which annually import goods to the value of \$1,200,000,000, and whose chief ports of distribution are almost as near Manila as Havana is to New York. Until Congress otherwise decrees, the productions of the islands over which we have raised the Stars and Stripes must pay the same import duty as before. It cannot too soon take action to make these markets distinctly our own.

Shanghai Foreign Settlement Extension

Under treaties made with China fifty years ago there were three so-called foreign settlements — British, American and French. Within these settlements the merchants of these three nations resided. A general scheme of administration was agreed upon by the consuls in 1854, but the French withdrew from this arrangement in 1868 and attempted to exercise gubernatorial powers through the consul. Gradually the English and American settlements came together and were known as the Anglo-American. Other Powers came upon the scene one by one, until now Austria, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway and Sweden, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, and Peru, are mingled within the

cosmopolitan Anglo-American settlement. France sought further concessions from China and an extension of her local sphere of influence, although there were only 430 French subjects in the French settlement, while there were 5,114 foreigners in the Anglo-American. The demands of the French were so unreasonable that a protest was promptly filed with the Tsung-li-Yamen (Chinese Foreign Office) by Great Britain. This protest was supported by the United States, and now Germany has joined in it. The British, United States and German ministers at Peking have demanded an adjudication of the foreign settlement question at Shanghai. The fact of this Anglo-American-German action at this time excites considerable discussion both in Russia and in France. It is important in more ways than one.

Southern Carnival of Lynching

Mississippi and Arkansas have joined with Georgia in the promotion of a carnival of lynching. Three Negroes have been lynched in the former State since the Georgia murders, and now Arkansas has inaugurated a reign of terror in Little River County by collecting in armed mobs and pursuing Negroes night and day. Seven dead bodies have been found, but no one supposes that that number represents more than a fraction of the whole. It is alleged that some Negroes had conspired to precipitate a race war. The remedy which suggested itself to the highly enlightened white citizens was to have a race war of their own! There are doubtless bad Negroes in the county, and some of them might possibly be inhuman enough to shoot down white citizens after the example set them, but that there was any dangerous conspiracy no one can believe, for the Negroes, instead of meeting murder with murder, are fleeing for their lives. They believe, with good reason, that the innocent and the guilty will be put to death on sight. The increase of this crime of lynching is something frightful to contemplate. No adequate punishment, no real attempt at punishment, ever follows these outbreaks. A leading newspaper in the South is right when it declares that if but one lot of lynchings was punished there would be an end to the crime. They will not be punished by law. The studious avoidance of all mention of these outrages by those who speak with the nation's authority has contributed not a little to this deplorable state of things. But the guilty are yet to suffer; their punishment is even now being slowly meted out. There is undoubted evidence for the statement that this lawless spirit is bringing poverty and ruin to land-owners and farmers, that the Negroes are being driven into the cities, and the cotton crops are left to rot because there are no laborers to gather them. There is beautiful poetry written on the "White Man's Burden," but the cruel wrongs heaped upon the black man make a sorrowful refrain which will one day be the dirge of many of our own race. Innocent blood spilled upon the ground never calls in vain for the avenging justice of God.

THE FACT OF EASTER

WE need to lay fresh emphasis upon the actual event that the Easter day records again. For there is a tendency to fear the miracle and seek refuge solely in the suggestions and consolations that have grown up as the church has kept her glad anniversary through the long centuries. We regard Easter more as one of those "tender morning-visions of beauteous souls" than as a definite, confirmed historical fact, upon which very largely the Christian Church has been built up.

But it is in the latter light that Paul regarded the Easter event. He preached it as the confirming fact in the good news of his Christ. He told it to his doubting converts as the actual assurance of their own immortal life. It was not sweet poetry or faint intimation to him; it was solid, safe assurance. Over against all the subtle reasonings of the sagest philosophers stood the actual event which Easter commemorates; and the guesses at a satisfactory answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" remained but guesses still, while the crowning fact in the earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth stood forever the final answer. And this has been the testimony of the Christian Church from its natal day. The resurrection of Jesus the Christ is not some lovely myth akin to the morning resurrection of the sun-god in radiant splendor from the baths of ocean; it is not a mere faint suggestion of springing life from cold decay, such as is hinted at by the bursting of every seed in the spring. The resurrection of Christ is a definite fact, in which lies the full proof of personal immortality.

"A dead Christ? Nay, a joyous shout
Rings through the world — Christ lives
for aye;
We, too, may see the Christ today
And hear His voice. Yet some still doubt.

"Therefore, O ye whose faith is strong,
To other souls as dark as night,
Tell of the joyful Easter light,
And sing the resurrection song."

We are brought face to face with the attempt of modern thought to rid Christianity of the supernatural, to make it one of many religions evolved by the natural religiosity of man working under natural conditions, and subject to the supremely natural laws of development, and to lay such stress upon the ethical side of its varied life that the supernatural sanction of such ethics shall be lost sight of. Against all this tendency the assertion of the Easter fact is vitally necessary. Christianity is a supernatural religion, not a natural product or a code of morals. And the resurrection of Jesus alone is the warrant for that claim. We need a supernatural power to help us live this religion, and a supernatural power to aid us in preaching it. Dogmatism is unpopular nowadays, but that is because our creeds have become so sadly divorced from life. Back of the work of the Christian Church lies the great faith of the church, and that faith rests upon certain definite historical events, of which the Easter fact is chief. We must not fear to claim as much for

our faith in the face of modern criticism as the early church claimed for its Master, and as Jesus claimed for Himself.

THE LAVISH GIFT OF THE RISEN LIFE

WE have just hinted that the trouble with dogmatism today is that it has become a cold matter of speculation and intellectual assent rather than a compelling force to better life. Let us get back to the fact that the risen Christ was as lavish of His life as He had been before the dark, dreadful day outside the city wall. He met with His chosen friends again, once more He found Thomas on the level of his doubts, and once again He commissioned Peter to do his Master's work. Thus until the cloudy glory caught Him from their gaze the risen Lord gave Himself to His loved ones.

Here lies the sure rescue out of the danger of an Easter dogma. Unless the acceptance of the Easter fact is followed by the lavishness of the risen life, little or nothing has been gained for the pure religion of Jesus Christ. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." Paul longed to know Christ and to know also the power of His resurrection. This power, for the present day, lies in the lavish gift by the disciple of Christ of his largest service and his best self to the world.

Easter, then, is more than the mere hint to deeper living. It is the absolute commandment thereto. Only a supremely selfish soul will apprehend the sweet comfort and large hope of Easter and yet do nothing better himself as a result. Again we need to read the practical emphasis into the Easter story. Because Jesus rose from the dead and that fact means all it does for the individual soul, every one must stir himself to lead the risen life. It is the life in contact with all the old human comrades and familiar scenes, where we are to do our friends good and not evil. It is the same way to walk with those who do not understand us, but whose hearts are to burn by the way as they talk with us. It is the same meeting of doubts on the part of others and the attempt on our part to satisfy them now. This is the nature of the risen life with Christ. Only let us be sure that we are lavish in it. How deeply selfish we are when we hoard our best selves! Another year must find us giving more — not only of money and time and moral strength — to others, but more of ourselves, our all.

THE MINISTRY OF CONSOLATION

AND one of the ways in which we are to live the risen life with Christ more lavishly is by entering into the ministry of consolation. How often, as these winter days have been passing, with sickness and death all about us, we have seen stricken hearts stagger under the weight of sorrow and distress. And out of it we have seen emerge so often the rich assurance of the goodness of God. This has been the result time after time of the faith of some sympathetic soul which was put beneath the shattered powers of a friend until the

deeper lesson of sorrow has been learned. There is no braver service than this Easter-inspired ministry of consolation. We learn in the presence of the weeping women how to be tender. We learn in the company of the puzzled disciples how to trust. And we learn in company with the radiant Christ that the victory of death does not exist. Now we are ready to be tender and trustful and sure. These three things are necessary when we seek to give ourselves lavishly in the ministry of consolation. We must be tender, or we shall only make the wound deeper that we fain would heal. We must bring our faith into the problem, for a head that is bowed in sorrow is not lifted up alone. And we must be sure. It must be the Easter fact that we bring.

Here, then, is a field for gracious service in which we may avoid all cold, formal dogmatism and where we may bring the beautiful message of Easter to those who need it most. And in doing this we shall learn anew what Easter means.

Bishop Foster Disapproves

THE following letter is received from Bishop Foster: —

*The Barcelona, St. Augustine, Fla.,
March 24, 1899.*

MY DEAR DR. PARKHURST: I have just heard of a plan to honor me by building a memorial church with my name. While I deeply appreciate the good will of my brethren, I wholly disapprove of the plan, and must beg that it be dropped. Please communicate this desire of mine to the Preachers' Meeting, and, if you think it expedient, you might publish it in your paper.

Very truly yours,
R. S. FOSTER.

PERSONALS

— Bishop Walden begins his next round of the European Conferences May 10.

— Mrs. Bishop Thoburn is compelled on account of ill health to return to this country.

— Rev. W. I. Haven was announced to preach Sunday morning, March 26, at the anniversary services of Forsyth St. Church, New York.

— Since the death of Dr. Kynett, Dr. W. A. Spencer is obliged to spend a good portion of his time at the office of the Board of Church Extension in Philadelphia.

— Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Rees, of Central New York Conference, sail for Europe in a week or ten days. They will visit Palestine, Egypt, Greece, and Western Europe.

— Dr. G. K. Morris delivered a course of lectures before the New Jersey Conference that are very highly spoken of. That was his former Conference home, and he is properly beloved.

— In selecting Rev. Dr. Levi Gilbert as editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate* of the next General Conference, a wise choice has been made. Dr. Gilbert is the successful pastor of Trinity Church, New Haven, Conn.

— Dr. H. C. Jennings of the Western Methodist Book Concern is to visit five or six of the Spring Conferences here in the East. He comes by exchange with Dr. Maine, who, next autumn, will visit an equal num-

ber of Conferences within the territory of the Western Concern. We assure Dr. Jennings of a hearty welcome to New England.

— Paul Hurst, one of Bishop Hurst's younger sons, a youth of twenty-two, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army.

— Bishop Bowman gives \$200 toward the establishment of the Deaconess Old People's Home in St. Louis. The Bishop is, besides, supporting a deaconess in Chicago.

— Dr. H. F. Fisk, of Northwestern University, who accompanied the remains of Dr. Oliver Marcy to Wilbraham for burial, made a pleasant call at this office on Monday.

— Hon. and Mrs. C. O. Corbin, who have spent the winter in New York, will return to Boston about the middle of April. Mr. Corbin is slowly but steadily improving in health.

— Rev. Dr. F. J. Masters, superintendent of our Chinese Missions in California, has been granted a three months' vacation, and will visit his mother and other relatives in England.

— Rev. Alexander Connell, of London, is the choice of the committee of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, intrusted with the duty of finding a successor to Dr. John Hall.

— Mrs. Cranston, wife of Bishop Cranston, expects to sail with her daughters, Laura and Ruth, from Hong Kong, April 25, and spend the summer in Switzerland. Miss Ethel will remain with her father until fall.

— Mrs. Abbie M. Dixon, of Tilton, N. H., died, March 20. She was the widow of Prof. Sylvester Dixon, who was for many years a teacher of mathematics at the Seminary. Mrs. Dixon was a woman of most excellent Christian character, and had long been actively engaged in the work of the church.

— Noticing a report in the daily press that Dr. S. C. Swallow, editor of the *Philadelphia Methodist*, was dangerously ill, we wrote the assistant editor of the paper for information, and received the following reply: "Dr. Swallow has been very ill with an attack of what his physicians pronounce catarrhal fever. He was taken sick three weeks ago today, and has been confined to bed ever since. He is slightly better today, but very weak. His temperature has been ranging from 101 to 102. His physician says his recovery will be very slow."

— During his recent visit in the South, Mr. A. S. Weed spent an enjoyable week at Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C. As a centre of education and as a typical Southern town, there is not a more interesting place in the South, and the open-handed hospitality of President and Mrs. Dunton is attracting an increasing number of visitors each year to this historic spot. Mr. Everett O. Fisk, who has spent the winter at Orangeburg, is now at Walters Sanitarium, Walters Park, Fla., for a few weeks. He expects to return to Boston the last of April.

— The *Epworth Herald* speaks thus generously of Dr. Gunsaulus: "Dr. Gunsaulus has a Methodist heart. He has not forgotten his Methodist bringing-up. He is evangelistic. The practical element has a large place in his nature. He never contents himself with a mere perfunctory performance. He can preach gloriously, but that never satisfies him. There must be tangible results. And the Doctor hopes to transform the Central Music Hall congregation, with all its social influence and almost unlimited wealth, into a hive of Christian activity."

— Prof. Henrietta Bancroft, field secretary of deaconess work in the Woman's Home Missionary Society, is laboring in the interests of this and other lines of the Society's work, with enthusiasm and success, on the

Pacific coast. The first Deaconess Assembly to be held west of the Rocky Mountains will take place in San Francisco, April 3, 4 and 5, under the auspices of the W. H. M. S. Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, who is spending some time in California, will be present, as well as Prof. Bancroft, and a gathering of great interest and profit is confidently expected.

— A beautiful soul was released from a suffering body when Rev. Gilbert C. Osgood was "called home" on Sunday night, at the age of 49 years. Mr. Osgood, on account of ill health, was obliged to superannuate in 1896, and has of late been residing in Norfolk. His death resulted from repeated paralytic shocks, accompanying Bright's disease. No minister in the Conference ever won and held the hearts of his parishioners more firmly than Gilbert Osgood, and the various charges he has served—Egleston Square, Roslindale, Wakefield, Medford, Somerville (Park Ave.), Holyoke, Lowell (Worthen St.), and East Saugus—will learn with deep sorrow that, in the prime of manhood, so faithful a pastor, so delightful a friend, so saintly a Christian, so beloved a husband and father, has been taken away when so sorely needed. A wife and three children are left. Funeral services will be held in the Methodist church at Marblehead, Thursday, at 3 P. M.

— We are happy to report that Rev. D. H. Ela, D. D., of Hudson, is regaining his health more rapidly than was anticipated. Bishop Mallalieu spent last Sunday with the church, presenting the missionary cause in the morning, to the great gratification of the congregation. He reports Dr. Ela as improving, not carrying in his face the appearance of illness, and characteristically clear and vigorous in conversation. We are in receipt of a letter from him, written in his own hand—such a tender and faith-inspiring letter that we should publish it but for the prohibition that is put upon us. He hopes to be able in two or three months to return to full work in the pastorate, for which his heart yearns as never before. He will soon go to the home of his son, P. F. Ela, M. D., of East Douglas, for rest and treatment. He will be missed at the session of his Conference where his voice has so long been heard in the advocacy of all wise and urgent measures, but he will be affectionately and prayerfully remembered by his brethren in the ministry.

BRIEFLETS

We are gratified in presenting to our readers four extra pages in our Easter Number.

The late George R. Berry made a bequest of \$100,000 to the Woman's College of Baltimore, Md.

Among other public bequests in the will of the late Dorothy Roffe, is a legacy of \$500 to the New England Deaconess Hospital.

Syracuse University, under the able and aggressive leadership of Chancellor J. R. Day, has become one of the notable educational institutions of the country. The comprehensive scope of its work is indicated by an announcement upon our last page.

The funeral of the late Rev. Ichabod Marcy occurred at the residence of his son, Charles D. W. Marcy, in Dorchester, on Thursday, March 23, his pastor, Rev. C. H. Stackpole, officiating, assisted by Revs. W. E. Clark, Arthur Little, J. H. Mansfield, J. L. Estey, G. S. Butters, J. W. F. Barnes, T. Corwin Watkins, S. C. Cary, W. T. Perrin, and I. S. Yerkes. Dr. Clark pronounced a touching eulogy upon the deceased, exalting the lovable qualities of his character and the usefulness of his life.

Rev. W. I. Ward, of the New England Southern Conference, promptly sends to our table a copy of the very creditable Directory of the Conference.

The Western Book Concern will soon bring out in book form the series of articles recently published in our columns from the pen of Prof. Borden P. Bowne. The volume will bear the title, "The Christian Life."

Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham has always held a peculiar place in the confidence and affection of our denomination. We do not know of any preparatory school more highly favored in location and in its extensive and beautiful campus. It has been the untiring purpose of Rev. Dr. W. R. Newhall, the principal, to make it the equal of the best institutions of its kind in educational facilities and equipment and in teaching ability. Special attention is called to its announcement on the last page of this issue.

We are constrained to say once more that items of church news, sent by mail, should, in order to secure insertion, be received on Friday at this office—at the very latest Saturday morning. As our pages must be ready to send to press Monday morning, items received on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday cannot of course be published in the current issue.

The Eightieth Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1898, is received. It is unusually interesting and helpful to all lovers of the cause of missions. It will be furnished, postpaid, to any pastor who will send a postal card requesting the same, addressed Missionary Secretaries, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The "writing up" of the sessions of our patronizing Conferences for the daily press should not be taken very seriously. The prophecies concerning the assignments of ministers may be interesting reading to the general public, but they are necessarily very doubtful of fulfillment. Some appointments can be anticipated, but a large number are subject to change up to the last moment of the session.

The unusual number of severely stormy Sundays which we have experienced of late have been very discouraging to the ministers, and must quite seriously affect the financial status of many churches and also the sum total of the benevolent collections. It will certainly be necessary for our people to be particularly thoughtful and generous in making their contributions to the expenses of the church and to the various causes that depend upon them for support.

Many of our readers will soon be saying good-by to their minister as he leaves for Conference and a new field. Remember that the preacher is much more human than most people think, and that no man more highly prizes the genuine, manly word of good cheer, sympathy and affection. Give to the one that goes a tender and affectionate farewell, and to the one who comes extend a greeting that will make him glad that he is to be your minister. Let all the people share in it, especially the youth and the children.

The remarkable statement of his creed by the late Professor Drummond had no toning down or elimination of the essentials, especially of the vicarious doctrine of the atonement, as will be seen by an examination of the same. This is the way he deliberately put it: "The recoverableness of man at his worst is the gift of Christ; the forgiveness of sins comes by Christ's cross; the power to set the heart right is Christ's grant; the hope of immortality springs

from Christ's grave; religion means a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause. These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme loss if they are missed."

A bill prohibiting the sale of liquors by department stores unless in separate buildings passed the Assembly in Albany, N. Y., last week.

Notwithstanding the fact that the great majority of independent church movements have ended in speedy disaster to the ministers who have launched them, yet Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt possesses the courage to make another trial. He inaugurated a new People's Church in Baltimore last Sunday.

Bishop Hendrix, in a lecture, is reported to have said: "Methodism today preaches the Gospel in more tongues than were spoken in the whole Roman Empire in her proudest days, and her children taken together in all lands outnumber the entire hosts of Christianity at the end of the first two centuries."

Dr. Lyman Abbott is reported to have said last week in this city, at a meeting of the Students' Aid Society of Wellesley College: "I want to remind you of what Mr. Gladstone said—that all the great movements for the development of the race have sprung from the common people. It was so with Wesleyanism, so with Puritanism, and it was so with democracy. It was so with the great Lutheran reformation, and it was so also with Christianity." There is a suggestive fact for our denomination in the above. We often hear the lament that Methodism does not retain its own children, especially the sons and daughters of the families of social prestige. There is truth in that declaration, and it is likely to continue as a phase of our church history; but it has always been true that the places of those who have gone out from us have been generously filled by a multitude who have been converted from the common people by our aggressive spiritual life and methods. The representative laymen who bear the burdens and support the enterprises of our church today, came from the common people. And it is a peculiar fact that, while their sons and daughters are not likely to come to leadership in our fold, yet young men and women, swept into the Methodist kingdom from a lower social level, will become pillars in our churches. We have, therefore, no fear for the future of the church, if it will only keep alive the fires of an earnest evangelism.

The Fact, but Not the Philosophy, Revealed

THE editor considers it the most valuable privilege of his student life that he was for nearly two years the pastor of the church which the late Rev. Dr. J. E. Latimer, Dean of the School of Theology of Boston University, attended. Of all the men we have ever known we recall him as the most profound and luminous scholar and at the same time the most humble and childlike disciple. In personal conversation he would pour himself out on all the great questions of theological interest without any apparent effort and always without egotism or pretense of learning. The atonement was frequently the topic of his conversations, and this subject always stirred him deeply. We remember one occasion when with tender emotion he protested against any and all theories which eliminated the vicarious element. The death of Christ, he said, was not spectacular or dramatic, not for an example or primarily for an influence, but was a stern ne-

cessity. "I must have an atonement," he concluded, "which reaches clear up to the heart of God and affects the Father in my behalf, or it will not meet my demand and heart-cry for forgiveness." He said he was never able to formulate any theory of the atonement that was fully satisfactory to him, but he would never permit this fundamental doctrine to be depreciated or minimized. Rev. Dr. J. A. M. Chapman, one of the great preachers of Methodism, in presenting this basal truth, once said: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" These are the strangest as well as the saddest words ever uttered. The spotless Son of God passing into the hidings of His Father's face, experiencing that sickening sense of utter denolation, forsaken of God and man; and this that He might know sin's utmost ruin, that man might know love's utmost salvation. Herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that He loved us and gave Himself for us. He took upon His broad sympathies the burden of a fallen world's sins and sorrows, hiding His Father's face, darkening the heavens, and rolled it off with a bloody sweat and an expiring groan, that guilty man might be saved both the one and the other. He took man's place in the darkness of sin and death that man might take His place in the light of holiness and life. He was abandoned of God that man might be accepted. He went down to hell that man might ascend to heaven. The philosophy is hidden, the fact is revealed. And, thank God! the fact is all we need to know for our present peace or future welfare."

Give the Church the Facts

THE assured results of Biblical criticism should be given frankly to the church. The people can always be trusted with the truth, and if they are, they will confide in and heed the judgment of the Christian preacher and teacher. To keep the people ignorant of any truth, as if it were forbidden or injurious for them to know it, has been the greatest mistake of Protestantism as well as of Romanism. There is nothing lawful or helpful for the Christian scholar to know, which does not belong as well to the humblest member of the church. That any phase of truth connected with, related to, or involved in, the study of the Bible is harmful to any person, is a Popish error and assumption. Every truth of the Bible belongs to every student of the Bible. A faith which is virile, aggressive and conquering cannot be implanted by accepting certain traditional notions about the Bible, but only by knowing intelligently and comprehensively the Book itself. For these reasons we plead anew that our Christian teachers give the people the results of Biblical study in this critical age.

Especially should the people be relieved of the erroneous impressions and morbid fear of what is termed "higher criticism." They should be told, until they apprehend the fact, that higher criticism is only a process of study applied to the several books of the Bible with the purpose of ascertaining historic verities. They should be taught that not all higher critics by any means are indifferent or skeptical concerning the generally accepted truths of the Bible, but that a considerable portion of those who are classed as such are sincerely devout students of the Scriptures.

That prominent representatives and teachers of our church do not so discriminate, is clearly and painfully apparent, because for every higher critic they have only doubts and sneers. This is carried to such an extreme that many of our people have come to distrust the Christian scholarship of the day and look upon it as a foe to the Christian faith. As a striking instance of the limitations of Methodist journalism and its harm-

ful work we read in a representative paper last week an editorial in which it characterized all higher criticism as "bosh." This class of religious journalists, starting out with an unconquerable prejudice against all forms of Biblical criticism and believing in conscience that it should be opposed as dangerous and destructive, have so closed the organs of intellectual receptivity and activity that they have become atrophied upon this subject. They know nothing, therefore, about higher criticism, and in their present attitude toward the subject cannot know anything about it. They should be commiserated rather than blamed; for no man should be blamed for not doing what he has lost the ability to do. No one blames a deaf man because he cannot hear, though he may have indirectly caused his own deafness. These indiscriminate condemners of Bible critics remind one of the automatic response that often comes through the telephone: "The line is busy; ring your bell." The first impulse is to become impatient with this repetitious, empty voice, but reason quickly asserts itself: Why condemn waves of sound only?

But here is the lamentable distinction and difficulty. While these unintelligent critics of Bible scholars and scholarship are conscientious and zealous in their censorship, they are sowing seeds of misapprehension and distrust that are fruiting in great harm to the denomination. The *Outlook* of last week points out this fact in noting Dr. Cadman's address before the New York Preachers' Meeting, to which we have already referred. It says (the italics are ours): "He was not irreverent; he was not destructive; and yet he clearly recognized the problem which presses upon all intelligent students of the Bible. If we might be permitted to make a suggestion, it would be that such a paper might appropriately be followed by another on the process by which the canon of Scripture was determined. The reception of this paper shows that there is in the Methodist communion a large number of people who would be almost panic-stricken by such a simple statement of facts concerning the Bible as all scholarly students accept, and, on the other hand, that there are many among the ministry and professors of the Methodist Episcopal Church whose eyes are open, and who are not at all afraid to tell the people the conclusions to which a reverent and thorough study of the origins of the Sacred Scriptures inevitably lead."

If our whole constituency were properly informed—as they should be—that even the investigations of the destructive critic have been comparatively harmless, and that the total results of the researches of the last twenty-five to fifty years have not changed one fundamental truth of the Bible, but have only served to eliminate wrong notions about the Book which had come to receive general acceptance, then they would not be "panic-stricken by a simple statement of facts concerning the Bible," as the *Outlook* alleges. They would be prepared to agree with the conservative Dr. Barton, late of Shawmut Congregational Church, Boston, who stated at his installation recently, as quoted last week: "I am profoundly interested in the inquiries of scholars concerning the age and authorship of various books of the Bible. I am in entire sympathy with every honest effort to learn how the Bible comes to us. I am not afraid of the name, nor of the results, of the so-called 'higher criticism.' I am confident that when the wheat of the present harvest of inquiry shall be separated from the mass of chaff of mere speculation and hypothesis, we shall know our Bible better and love it more than ever."

But how weak and nerveless is that faith which does not dare to submit the Bible

o any criticism! Is not God alive? Can we no longer exclaim with Browning, —

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world?"

And is God no longer able to defend the Book which reveals Him? Has the church of Jesus Christ no longer any reason to hope that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? Is the Holy Ghost a myth, or will He not, as promised, continue to take the things of Christ and show them unto His disciples? What did Jesus mean when He said, "Search the Scriptures?" Why did He pray, "Sanctify them through the truth, thy word is truth?" and affirm, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Jesus did not teach any doctrine of inspiration or instruct His disciples so to do. The Biblical criticism of this age has done the church an invaluable service in showing that the Word of God is not bound with any hard-and-fast theory of inspiration, and that it cannot in truth be so bound. Away, then, with this indiscriminate condemnation of Biblical criticism! Let representative men of our church remain silent until they know whereof they speak or write. Trust the people by telling them the whole truth, for the whole truth, intelligently grasped, will produce a lively and unassailable faith in God the Father, in Jesus Christ the Son, in Calvary and the possibility of forgiveness to every believing soul, in the Resurrection, in Pentecost and the Holy Ghost, in Heaven. Criticism at its worst cannot endanger these saving verities. Give the church the facts!

\$700 Wanted

WE are gratified to announce that the grand work of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society has been carried on very successfully during the year under the leadership of Dr. J. H. Mansfield, corresponding secretary. Over and above the amounts received and already pledged, there will be needed only \$700 to meet all the indebtedness. Dr. Mansfield is determined that no debt shall be carried over to the next year. We are confident that the friends of this excellent work will generously share in the secretary's purpose. Let remittances be made at once to him at 36 Bromfield St., as only a few days remain before the year's accounts must be closed. The Epworth Leagues in New England deserve hearty commendation for the support which they have extended to the Epworth League Settlement of this city. Will not some other chapters promptly help to reduce this balance of \$700?

The Flag at Half-Mast

PURE white snow covered the campus of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham. Fisk Hall, Binney Hall and the Old Academy looked a dingy red. The snow-wreathed trees on the back hills looked like white plumes over the new Gymnasium. Rich Hall held in its many rooms and spacious parlors and corridors the anxious, hustling, hurrying students, in the throes of examinations and departure home for Easter vacation. But over it, above the sighing pines that hid its front, waved softly the flag at half-mast.

The bell tolling from its belfry of stone in the beautiful Memorial Church sent out on the morning air the tidings of death. "Earth to earth" was said over the white faces of two brothers who, after life's long pilgrimage, were lying side by side in the place they knew in their boyhood. Both had filled the place of presidents of universities. Both had lived usefully, honorably, successfully. They will sleep with those they knew and loved in the long ago, in the Hillside Cemetery. Eighty-eight years for one, eighty years for the other, had

not been long enough for either to outlive usefulness or to exhaust the affection of their friends. They were brought from the East and from the West to lie together in death's quiet sleep. "Their works do follow them." The church they honored will honor their memory — Oliver Marcy, Ichabod Marcy.

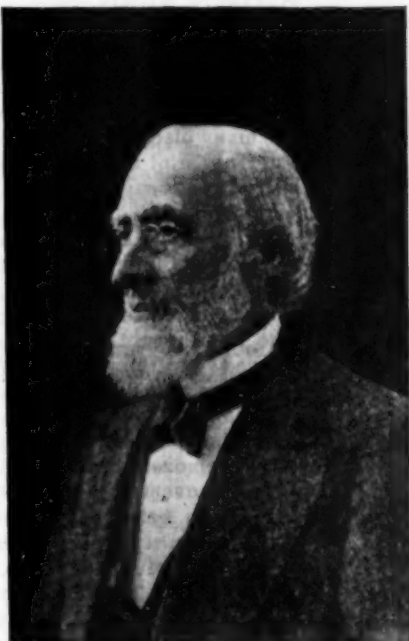
W. H. T.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER

"DEARBORN."

THE death of Dr. Oliver Marcy, professor of zoology, geology, etc., at Northwestern University, will seem like a personal bereavement to thousands of his students scattered throughout the country. Two months ago he had an attack of pneumonia, but it seemed that he was on the road to rapid recovery. A sudden relapse came, and in his weakened condition the disease met little resistance, and he passed away before his friends were hardly conscious of his danger.

It is no reflection on his associates in the faculty to say that Dr. Marcy's death will



THE LATE DR. OLIVER MARCY.

leave a vacancy that cannot be filled. He will be missed, as no one else could possibly be missed, by the alumni who have passed under his influence during his nearly forty years at Northwestern. He was a great teacher, having given himself wholly to that work. His chair was nominally that of zoology, but he covered almost the whole field of natural science. And whenever there was need he took up other branches with apparently the same accurate knowledge that he brought to the solution of the great problems of science. He was a great teacher not only because of his self-dedication and his erudition, but because he loved his students. Any one who brought him a flower or a bug for classification, or showed the slightest interest in science, found an open door to his heart. He would climb the stairs to the museum a dozen times a day to show the whole collection to as many students who came with inquiring mind. For mere discipline or method he cared little. He sought only to make his students sincere searchers after truth. No one could come into his presence and long remain a flippant doubter.

He was a sincere and devout Christian, with the heart of a little child. Cant and bigotry he never knew the meaning of. He had never experienced them, and he could hardly understand them in others. Northwestern University has lost its greatest

teacher and its greatest man. He was worth more to the institution than all its endowments.

It is a source of the greatest pleasure to record that Methodism in Chicago is showing many signs of a quickened interest touching its great opportunities in the city. The most substantial sign of this awakening is the changed attitude and spirit of the Chicago Home Missionary and Church Extension Society. For some weeks there have been evidences here and there that the Society was giving more and more attention to the needs of the churchless masses. Recently meetings have been held in different portions of the city for the purpose of considering ways and means of paying the Society's debt of \$8,000. At these gatherings, which were attended by many prominent laymen, it was distinctly announced that the Society had determined on a change of policy touching the work of city evangelization. Reports were made of the Society's activity at Halsted St. Church, which is being quite transformed, and in other centres among the masses. The several speakers at these conferences manifested a most delightful spirit, calling in question no person's motives, and asking for the support of the whole of Chicago Methodism without reference to disagreements in the past. The superintendent of the Society, Dr. Traveller, is showing the greatest zeal in advancing the interests of his organization. His monthly journal, *The Cosmopolitan*, is replete with wise hints and friendly exhortations touching the various problems of the city. Moreover, he has a number of splendid subscriptions toward the canceling of the debt already referred to. All this it gives me the greatest pleasure to record. Some two years ago I believed the Society needed respectfully but plainly to be told some things that seemed to the writer to indicate a wrong policy touching city evangelization. Those strictures were for the most part received in the spirit in which they were made. But if the writer's motives had been called in question, he would not now hesitate to say, what he sincerely believes to be the truth, that the City Missionary Society seems to be entering upon its work with the spirit and knowledge that insures success. It cannot succeed beyond the writer's hopes.

Beside the activity noted above, many of our churches have been possessed of the revival spirit. There have been excellent results of special services at Hyde Park, Dr. Patton, pastor; at Adams Street, Rev. W. H. Carwardine, pastor; at Ashland Boulevard, Rev. W. W. Diehl, pastor; at Ravenswood, Rev. W. E. Tilroe, pastor; and other churches.

The dedication of Fisk Hall, the new Academy building, at Evanston, while a somewhat remote event, demands at least the record that it was in every respect a most successful and inspiring occasion. The *Evanston Press* devoted nearly all of one issue to the report of the addresses, with good cuts of the new building. Dr. Fisk, the principal, for whom the building was named, was fairly borne down with congratulations and compliments, as he well deserved to be, for the Academy is his monument, as everybody acknowledges.

We believe in the "Twentieth Century Call" of the Bishops for money and souls, and will try to respond worthily to it, if our officials, who seem to be periodically seized with a mania for stirring up the church on some foolish or incidental question, will spare us the useless discussion regarding the election of provisional lay delegates. Have our official editors nothing to do except to be continually breaking in on our legitimate work by their appeals to passion and prejudice? This is among the questions often asked the past two or three weeks by Chicago Methodists.

A RESURRECTION PAEAN

JOSEPHINE RAND.

O resurrection morn! My heart doth leap
 As thought of the great hope thou dost
 proclaim!
 My Lord hath captive led captivity,
 And earth's walls tremble at His holy
 name.
 He lives! He lives! The Lord is risen in-
 deed!
 My Lord, my Saviour, my High Priest and
 King!
 At God's right hand He lives to intercede;
 His blood atones; for joy my heart doth
 sing.
 I, too, shall rise! Hear it, ye sons of men!
 Death hath no power to hold a child of
 God;
 For He shall call, and I shall hear, reply,
 And spurn the shackles of detaining sod.
 Yea, I shall rise! Attend, ye list'ning
 worlds!
 By faith I share with Him His kingly
 throne;
 Nor angels, principalities, nor powers
 Can separate Christ Jesus from His own.
 Newport, Me.

EASTER PROMISE AND PRIV-
ILEGE

REV. JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

THE key-note of Easter is life and joy and hope. "Fear not," said the angel of the resurrection. A Christian has no business to be other than cheerful and fearless. He belongs to a conquering race. He is a disciple of One who never lost a battle. He has no reason to fear anything or anybody, not even God Himself in any servile sense, for God has become his friend. Still less does he fear the censure or the anger of man, for in the discharge of his duty he is invincible. And death has no terrors for him, since Christ so completely overcame that "Arch-Fear" that He is truly said to have "abolished" it.

How greatly this sad world needs just such a note of cheer! Let it ring out strong and clear on the April air. Jesus said, "I have overcome." And in Him we, too, prevail. We overcome the world, so that its ideals, its ambitions, its alarms, have no influence over us, no power to detach us from the right or turn us a hair's-breadth from the course. We live in a higher atmosphere than the world supplies, and are not interested in the objects it pursues. We overcome the flesh. Its pleadings for indulgence we promptly trample down when they run counter to the call divine. We overcome the devil. Baffled and discomfited, he flees as the believer opposes to his darts the shield of faith, and wields the Spirit's sword.

The resurrection gives loudest possible testimony to Jesus as the Conqueror of death and hell, and of all that those grim words denote. If our trust is in Him, then indubitable is our right to all the rich comfort which comes from the fullest acceptance of the angel message, "Fear not." But let us not forget, in the midst of our Easter joy, that this is only half the message. The other half was, "Go quickly and tell." Here is the aspect of duty which always lies close alongside that of privilege. It is not

enough to receive. What can we do for Him who has brought to light for us life and immortality? We can run and proclaim the good news, as did those first ones to whom the tidings came. The new found joy is too good and great to keep to ourselves. If we try to do so, it will surely be the worse for us. Silence is a betrayal of our trust. We must "tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns." Oh, blessed work! Oh, labor that lay nearest to the Saviour's heart, forever linked with the day of His resurrection and His going up on high! We best celebrate the day as we dedicate ourselves anew to the prosecution of this glorious task, counting no sacrifice too great that the kingdom may go steadily forward, and the world be lifted a little higher out of darkness into light.

Natick, Mass.

SOME LONDON PREACHERS

ELIZABETH WILSON.

TO ask in London, "What preacher ought I to hear before leaving town?" is to receive as many different answers as you ask people, and to be directed to as many places of worship as would serve for a year of Sabbaths. The American visitor who is supposed to be a Dissenter is advised to hear Joseph Parker, Dr. Horton, Hugh Price Hughes, Mark Guy Pearse, Dr. Clifford. The next adviser says that to understand properly what clergymen are characteristic of English church life and thought, you should hear Canon Gore at Westminster Abbey, Canon Scott Holland at St. Paul's Cathedral, or Canon Eyton at St. Margaret's. Another friend, deeply interested in the Protestant demonstrations and all really evangelical movements, and who makes no distinction between Churchman and Nonconformist, recommends you to hear Rev. F. B. Meyer, Dr. E. A. Stuart, or Prebendary Webb Peplow. Other friends do not advise at all. They merely take you with them into their family pew. Perhaps this is in Regent Square Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. John McNeill was once pastor, where you are admitted by ticket to the main floor of the church when the Lord's Supper is commemorated, and where they cover with fair linen cloths the book rack on the back of each pew as a relic of the early Scotch custom of really "spreading tables" on communion day. Or your friends may go to Christ Church, Hampstead, which is filled to the doors with the regular congregation who have come to hear their vicar, Canon Streetfield, say, "Only God can put away the sins of 1898 and give strength to meet temptation in 1899." Rev. Hugh Price Hughes stated the order of transient church-going in this way: "There is a set of religious vagrants who manage to get to the City Temple for Dr. Parker's morning sermon, drift down to Westminster Abbey to hear what Canon Gore may have to say in the afternoon, and finally drop into St. James' Hall in the evening to give me a chance at them."

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

The City Temple is interesting on Sunday, but doubly so at the noonday service on Thursday. Outside, the closely

bound chain of traffic in Holborn jingle on as if all mankind were absorbed in caring for the world, the flesh and the devil. Within the church are found hundreds of worshippers, mostly business men, who have reclaimed this hour for their spiritual interests. The delight which the audience takes in Dr. Parker's unique expressions is evident from the way many of the hearers smile at a particularly choice bit of phraseology or at an epigram which to them is full of meaning, although to the stranger, unused to the speaker's articulation, the words have not been distinct enough to convey any meaning at all. The regular attendants feel a sort of proprietorship in their minister and almost consider that he is uttering their own opinions to the general public. This sense of union between pastor and people is one essential reason of Dr. Parker's popularity. He has wept and rejoiced with other human beings, until now that he has met the great sorrow, the loss of his wife, the sympathy of thousands is given him.

But of all serene faces, of all melodious voices, the face and voice of

MARK GUY PEARSE

make the most permanent impression. The great platform of St. James' Hall was decked in Sunday apparel of shining leaves and flowers. The chorus choir, many of whose members wore the uniform of deaconesses — and such cheerful deaconesses as one rarely sees — led the congregation in enthusiastic hymn singing. The great number of children sitting with their parents was very noticeable. One knew why so many were there as soon as Mr. Pearse began to speak: "Come, now. It is night, night, dark and still. Come, let us go to Bethlehem." Further on in his narrative he added a sentence for the grown-up people: "The infinite expansion of God in the creation was now paralleled by His infinite contraction in the incarnation, and at both times the angels sang." Mr. Pearse told the story of the shepherds in a lively dialogue between Mr. Greatheart who wanted to see the Saviour, and Mr. Fear- ing who opposed him with all manner of nonsensical objections. Then in closing the account of the shepherds' visit to the cave at Bethlehem the preacher said, "After all, Christmas is not in singing about Christ. It is finding Him."

The other minister at St. James' Hall is probably the most largely quoted preacher in the Free Churches, as the Nonconformist societies are called. If

HUGH PRICE HUGHES

says in a prayer-meeting, as he is just now reported to have said, "Any inclination to pray longer than two minutes should be regarded as a temptation of the devil," secular and religious papers are sure to catch up the declaration and comment on it either in a spirit of agreement or of difference. They never overlook a statement so vehement or one that will be noticed by so many readers. There is a sense of relief in seeing Mr. Price Hughes enter a pulpit. You feel that he has in mind a distinct idea, and that you must follow him word by word until that thought is fully revealed. In preaching lately on the text, "For it

pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell," he used the following illustration, most effective with an exceedingly loyal British audience. At the time of the Jubilee exercises in 1887, the members of the House of Lords sat in their appointed place in Westminster Abbey, with the Lord Chancellor in full robes of state at their head. In front of him, on a table covered with green baize, lay the mace, the emblem of the Queen's Majesty, which is carried before the Chancellor to signify the royal presence in the House of Lords. In another section sat the members of the House of Commons, headed by the Speaker, before whom, upon a similar table, lay the mace which represents Her Majesty in the House of Commons. Presently the Lord Chamberlain came in and whispered to the Lord Chancellor, who instantly took up a fold of the green drape, and laid it over the mace. Then to the Speaker, who covered the mace before him in the same way, for the Queen was coming in. When royalty itself was present the emblems, the representatives of royalty, need not be visible. When Christ Himself came in fullness of power, all types and ceremonies of Jewish law which prefigured Him could be dispensed with.

The congregations which

CANON GORE

attracts to Westminster Abbey seem to be composed of serious, thoughtful people who wish new light for their duties through the week to come. Canon Gore's face is not handsome nor his voice of more than ordinary attractiveness. He speaks his convictions as a prophet might do who had no wish to prophesy smooth things, as a man who has looked so long on modern problems from a Christian view-point that he must express what appears plain to him. "The Holy Family" was his topic lately. When he entered the pulpit his surplined form was thrown into full relief against the shadows that lingered in the east end of the Abbey. There were the dim statues of early kings and poets in the background. Half the distance to Christ's day was bridged by those lives. You almost believed that the speaker had historic knowledge of the time to which he referred. "There were three distinct moral elements in the Holy Family—the righteousness of Joseph, the divine communion of Mary, the obedience of Christ. Joseph denied himself for the sake of religion, and gave an example to heads of families which many Englishmen are loth to follow. Many nominally Christian men do not even inform themselves of their religious duty. The destiny of Christian instruction in England would be curious if Englishwomen should 'ask their husbands at home.' God intends that Christian men shall actually 'put themselves about' for the sake of religion. Mary is better known than Joseph, and her communion with God, her meditation on God's ways with the Child, have always been noticed. Christ, because He was open to parental discipline, set the example of child obedience. Christ passed through all experiences of life and sanctified all. As He was the one spot of regenerating

soundness in a corrupt world, so the Christian family, the holy family of today, is the soundness of the generation." Mr. Gore said that an East End rector had asserted to him that the apathy of men today in matters of religion and business was due to the slackness in modern home life, slackness in conception and performance of duties. "The parents do not set a good example. The children are not trained to any firm standard." The hearer almost hoped that the word slackness, so carefully defined and keenly regretted, might have been replaced at least once in the discourse by its American equivalent, "shiftlessness," which was exactly what the clergyman had in mind. This statement of affairs was the nearest approach to an illustration that Canon Gore ventured upon.

REV. F. B. MEYER,

who has a larger following in America than perhaps any London preacher, now that Mr. Spurgeon is not living, is making, as is well known, an extensive tour in India, a country which seems very near to the British Isles; more than ever so now that an Imperial Penny Postage has been instituted.

Two other favorite ministers are taking January as one of three months of rest—Canon Eyton, of St. Margaret's, which stands fairly under the eaves of Westminster Abbey; and Dr. Horton, known as the "Archbishop of Canterbury of the Dissenters." The latter figures in an illustrated article on "Famous Bachelors," which appeared in the January number of a most modern periodical. The list of bachelors whose personal affairs are surmised about includes military, literary and ecclesiastical celebrities, not forgetting the Pope, whose portrait adds dignity to the gossiping pages.

To be

A "POPULAR" PREACHER

nowadays means giving up the very heartstrings to the reading public and listening public. The man who is idolized by one party is called "fanatical" or "unorthodox" by another. He is classed with the sheep or with the goats according to the individual tastes of the person passing an opinion. By the way, an ingenious itinerant on the Isle of Wight remarked in a sermon that the Bible spoke well of goats as well as sheep. "A he goat is comely in going, a scapegoat performed an office for which a sheep would have been too timid, sheeps and goats went down the mountain path to the same fold, some on the right hand of the shepherd and some on the left hand." He left out altogether the customary application found in Matthew's gospel, and that suggested to me the reason for the very scanty congregation. The "sheep" on his charge evidently did not like what he said, and the "goats" did not like the way he said it. And these two elements are required in a popular preacher, be he in London, or the Isle of Wight, or even America.

Oxford, England.

A fox once came upon a cave, into which he saw many foxes had entered, the sand being full of footprints. He was about to pass in when his cunning eye detected that all

the footprints pointed one way. All were turned inwards, and there were none leading out of the cave. We have come to a great cave—the grave—and its entrance is marked by many footprints. All lead in, and none out. But Christ has set His feet the other way; and now, if we go into this cave, we shall follow Him out again. — *London S. S. Chronicle.*

CHRIST'S EASTER GREETING

"All hail," and "Fear not,"
These were the words He said,
The Christ beloved
Rising from the dead,
And thus the women
Joyfully were sped.

"All hail," and "Fear not"—
Words we need today;
Christ Jesus, speak them,
And our fears allay,
As we pass ever
To the unseen way.

"All hail," and "Fear not."
Hear the world's sad cry;
Pity us, Saviour,
Lest we faint and die;
Hope comes, and courage,
When we know Thee nigh.

"All hail," and "Fear not."
Saviour, at the last,
Amid the shadows
That shall gather fast,
Speak Thou to us,
Until our fears are past!

Be this Thy greeting,
When the new lights shine!
Oh, for that Easter,
And these words of Thine!
"All hail," and "Fear not."
Jesus, make them mine!

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World.*

ONE MINISTER'S WAY

REV. GEORGE H. SISSON.

CONFERENCE was over, and a new minister had been sent to Bolton. Everybody in the church was happy, for it was a young man that was coming to them, and for a long time the church—especially the younger portion of its membership—had desired a young man.

Brother Noyes was a good man and liked well enough—no one disputed that—but he was old and slow, and—well, the progressive part of the church in Bolton felt that a change was necessary. No one had a word to say against Brother Noyes, but in view of the fact that the Baptists (the only other church in the village) had secured a young man for their pulpit, the Methodist Church in Bolton thought that they also needed a young man. Two of the stewards had been commissioned to wait upon the Bishop at Conference, and make the wants of the church known to him. These brethren had returned and brought the news of their success. A young man had been secured and would begin his labors next Sabbath.

That part of the churchgoing community claiming the Methodist church as their home were on the tip-toe of curiosity. What would he be like? Would they like him? Of course they would like him, said they all. Was he not a young man, and didn't they want a young man? Of course they would like him.

When the Sabbath came around the church was more than full. It seemed as if the whole town had turned out to hear the new preacher. All wanted to see him, and as he entered and ascended the pulpit steps he was the cynosure of all eyes.

The waiting people saw a young man of slender build, with smooth-shaven face and a wealth of black hair which was brushed back from his brow. He was pale, but there was no trace of embarrassment in his actions, and he did not seem to realize that four hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on him. He began

services by reading the hymn with a clear voice that could be distinctly heard by every one present. After singing came the reading of the Scripture lesson in the same clear voice, followed by a prayer which seemed to be the spoken thoughts of a heart full of love for its fellows and for the Christ who gave His life for the world. Short and simple it was, not like the long prayers Mr. Noyes used to make, and every one connected with the church was glad to find their new pastor was not in the habit of making long prayers in his pulpit. After the singing of another hymn came the sermon; and what a sermon! Would they ever forget it? Never before had the old church listened to such eloquence. They were amazed, and after service was over gathered in little groups to talk it over. All agreed that it was the greatest sermon ever preached in that church. The brethren who had waited on the Bishop at Conference were radiant, and the younger portion of the Methodist flock at Bolton were jubilant. "We shall have a great year," said one to another, and all went home glorying in the triumph of the new pastor.

The next day, in the afternoon, Mr. Smith, the class-leader, went to the parsonage to take the young pastor out and introduce him to some of the people. Around the village they went, into this home and then into that, and in each the new pastor had a kind word for all. Even "Old Cross Knowlton," as he was called on account of his habit of speaking crossly to every one, said "he guessed that new preacher was quite a feller after all."

"Who lives here?" inquired the pastor of the class-leader as they were passing a little house situated on the outskirts of the village. "Here? Oh, Old Tim Baldwin," replied the class-leader. "He is the worst old rummy in town."

"Are we going in?" inquired the preacher. "No," said Mr. Smith, "it would do no good. The old man would only abuse us, and no doubt order us off the premises as soon as he found out who we were."

"I am going in to see Tim Baldwin," said the pastor, and before Mr. Smith could reply, he was knocking at the door for admittance.

The door opened and old Tim Baldwin said: "What do you want here?"

"I am the new Methodist minister," was the reply, "and today I am going around getting acquainted; and as I came this way I thought I would step in and call on you."

The class-leader was astonished. Never before had any minister called on Old Tim Baldwin.

Old Tim looked into the clear gray eyes of the minister for a minute, and then said, "Come in."

In they both went, and took such seats as they could find in the wretched hovel, and then, to the great surprise of Mr. Smith, Old Tim began to talk, but not to curse and swear as the class-leader had prophesied.

"Parson," said he, "I know what you would say, but don't say it, for you can't help me a bit, I'm too far gone; but I want you to help my boy. He is going to ruin as fast as he can. For God's sake, parson, save him if you can. I don't want him to ever be what I am." A tear trickled down the bloated face.

Mr. Smith whispered to himself his favorite expression, "It does beat all!"

The new preacher was deeply moved. "Mr. Baldwin," said he, "I will try to help your boy and you."

"No, no," interrupted Old Tim. "I tell you there is no hope for me. I sold myself to the devil long ago. Don't 'Mister' me, but go and save my boy."

The preacher went out without another word, followed by the class-leader. When they had reached the street the pastor turned to his companion and asked, "Who is this boy, Brother Smith?"

"The worst young vagabond in this town

— a regular chip of the old block," promptly answered the class-leader.

"How old is he, and what is his name?" the preacher inquired.

"About twenty, I guess, and his first name is James. They call him 'Drunken Jim' because he is drunk most of the time. He hangs around Old Chase's tavern, and will do almost anything for a drink."

"Brother Smith," said the preacher, "I am going over to Chase's tavern to see if I can find Jim Baldwin."

The class-leader looked at his pastor in astonishment. "I wouldn't do it," said he. "Folks will think it strange. Chase's tavern is a disreputable place, and the less decent people have to do with it the better it is for them."

"All you say may be true, but I am going to look up this lost sheep, and save him if I can."

"Well, really," returned Mr. Smith, "I am afraid that you will have to excuse me. The — the — the hour is growing late, and I must be getting home."

"Very well," replied the preacher, "I will go over alone." He turned and walked away, a smile playing upon his face caused by Mr. Smith's sudden remembrance of the lateness of the hour.

Over to the tavern he went, and into its smoky atmosphere. A motley crowd was engaged in playing cards. When he entered they looked up, surprised at the appearance of a stranger among them. The minister hesitated a moment, and then in a pleasant voice asked if he could see James Baldwin.

Some of them laughed, and one said, "Jim, he wants you."

A young fellow arose, and addressing the crowd said: "Hold your tongues, will you?" Then turning to the preacher, who was standing just inside the door, he said, "I am Jim Baldwin."

"Could I see you a moment?" pleasantly inquired the preacher.

"Yes," was the reply, and he followed the minister, who led the way outside.

"Mr. Baldwin," said the preacher. Jim looked up. Never before in his life had he been called "Mister." "Mr. Baldwin, I am the Methodist minister. I was up to call on your father this afternoon, and he told me that he had a son. I thought I would like to get acquainted with him, and so have looked you up to invite you to take supper with me. What do you say? Will you go up and take supper with me?"

Jim Baldwin knew not what to say. He was sober enough to realize the great difference between this well-dressed man and himself. His first impulse was to laugh in the preacher's face, and then go back to his companions; but something in those clear gray eyes fixed upon him seemed to forbid that. He looked down at his ragged clothes.

The preacher saw that look, and said: "I did not expect to find you with your best clothes on, so never mind about your attire, but come just as you are." Linking his arm in Jim's he started up the street toward the parsonage.

Jim did not know what to make of this. Never before had he been captured in such a manner. He would have protested, but some way he could not use his tongue, and so suffered himself to be led along, the preacher all the while talking in the most amiable way.

Mr. Smith saw them as they passed his house, and calling to his wife said: "Cynthia, come here, quick! Look! If that don't beat all! Our preacher is a queer one. I'm afraid, Cynthia, that he won't succeed here."

Up the street went this strange couple, arm in arm, the new pastor apparently unmindful of the fact that half the village was looking at him. As they neared the parsonage a woman could be seen standing on the piazza. It was the pastor's wife. She had

seen them from her sitting-room window, and knowing her husband well had quickly seen that he was trying to help some one, and would need her assistance. "God bless the little woman!" murmured the pastor as he approached the house. "She knows what I am about, and will help me."

"Alice," said he, as they reached the piazza, "I have brought some one home to take supper with us. Mr. Baldwin, this is my wife."

Jim stared, but managed to take off his greasy cap and make an awkward bow.

The pastor's wife held out her hand and smiled so sweetly that Jim thought of the angels his mother used to tell about before she died, when he was a little fellow.

"Come in," said she. "I am sure you are welcome. We are hardly settled yet, but for all that I am glad that you accepted my husband's invitation. Supper will be ready in a few minutes, and if you will excuse me I will go and attend to it."

Jim bowed and followed them into the house.

"Mr. Baldwin," began the preacher, "perhaps you —"

"Please, sir," interrupted Jim, "I do not know why I came here with you; but do not call me Mister, call me Jim."

"All right," laughed the other, "Jim" it shall be; and now while my wife is preparing supper perhaps you would like to wash. Please follow me." And thus talking he led the way upstairs to where his thoughtful wife had already prepared everything for his needs, knowing that her husband would take this strange guest to the bath-room first of all.

Leaving Jim at the bath-room door, the preacher went down to where his wife was preparing supper. "Alice," said he, after he had told her of the afternoon's adventure, "I am going to try, with God's help, to save that man."

"I hope you will succeed," replied his wife, "and you know that you can count on me for all the help that I can give."

"Yes, I know it," he said, as he kissed her. "You are a true helper. I'll go now and see if Jim has washed up."

Back he went, and met Jim coming down the stairs. Yes, Jim had washed, and while the old clothes were still to be seen, soap and water had wrought a great change in his appearance.

"Now we will have supper, Jim — this way," and, still talking, the pastor led the way into the little dining-room and gave Jim a seat at the table. The pastor did the most of the talking during the meal. He did not intend to give Jim an opportunity to excuse himself and leave, and so he told anecdotes of his college life and described places seen by him in his travels, until Jim was interested and had no wish to leave. Not once did he mention the subject of religion. "Time enough for that later on," thought he; and, wise man that he was, he desired to entertain Jim for the present.

After supper the pastor's wife volunteered to play and sing. Jim was almost charmed by the sweetness of her voice. "How different," thought he, "from the songs heard at Chase's tavern!"

"Jim," said the preacher, as he was bidding him good-night at the door, "we should be pleased to have you come again."

"Thank you," replied Jim. "I never spent such a pleasant evening before. I — I — good-night," and he was gone.

That night as the minister knelt to say his evening prayer he prayed earnestly for Jim Baldwin. "O God," prayed he, "help me to save that young man! Not only for the sake of his father, but for his own sake, and for the sake of Thy dear Son who died to save such as he!"

During the following week the new preacher made it his business to see Jim once

or twice, and although he found him each time in a somewhat intoxicated condition, he apparently did not notice it. He talked to Jim as he would talk to an equal, and never once did he give the young man to understand that his eye saw the evidence of a wrecked manhood. Jim felt a little pride in the attention bestowed upon him by the new preacher, and while his evil companions laughed at his new acquaintance, he inwardly resolved to clean up a little and merit in some small degree the friendship of this man who treated him as an equal.

Sunday came around again, and the people of Bolton heard another sermon by their new pastor that stirred their hearts. After the service Sunday night Mr. Smith rushed home and said: "Cynthia, it does beat all. Who do you guess was at church tonight? 'Drunken Jim Baldwin,' Cynthia, and I don't believe he ever went to church before in all his worthless life."

But Mr. Smith was destined to meet with a still greater surprise, and the next Sunday night came rushing home to his wife, who was unable to go out evenings, and exclaimed: "Cynthia, it does beat all. 'Drunken Jim Baldwin' stood up for prayers tonight, but I have no confidence in the worthless young scamp, and I'll bet that he will be drunk before Saturday night." Mr. Smith was not a betting man, but he was somewhat excited, and besides, this was his way of uttering a prophecy. Nor was he wrong, for before Saturday night arrived he had seen Jim drunk two different times.

The people who attended the Methodist church in Bolton were astonished to see Jim at church again the next Sunday evening, and still more astonished to hear him confess his shame and ask for the prayers of Christian people. But when during the week following it was learned that he was drunk two or three times, the good people of that church lost confidence in him and forgot to mention him in their prayers—that is, all but the preacher. He still clung to Jim until some of the people said that they were "disgusted at the pastor's foolishness."

It soon became a regular feature of the Sunday night service for Jim Baldwin to confess his shame and ask for the prayers of Christians. Some of the young people would titter, and the older ones would look the disgust they felt, but the pastor always responded, "God help you!"

Folks said it was strange that the pastor would allow "Drunken Jim" to speak every Sunday night and thus spoil the meeting, and it was said by some that, "while he was a good preacher, the ways of their new pastor were not suited to the people of Bolton." Some of the would-be aristocracy shrugged their shoulders when the preacher's name was mentioned and said, "The preacher chooses strange company."

"Alice," said the preacher to his wife one night after returning from service where Jim had again confessed his shame and asked for prayers, "I am determined, with the help of God, to stand by that man and do all I can for him while here. I know what people say and how they feel towards me for trying to help him. He has already asked for prayers fifteen times, and as many times fallen, and people have lost confidence in him; but I believe that Jim Baldwin will yet get on to the Rock and stay on."

"God grant it!" replied his wife.

Conference was to be held in the stirring city of Ashton. Ministers were coming in on every train, and the pastor of the Methodist Church in Ashton had his hands full in seeing that the visiting brethren were taken to their several places of entertainment. The Bishop was to be entertained by the judge, who had requested that he be permitted to entertain this high official of

the church. He arrived on the afternoon train and was met by the pastor, who took him to the home of the judge. As the Bishop entered, his quick eye noticed the evidences of wealth and refinement to be seen on every hand. Choice books were on the table, chaste pictures were upon the walls, and as the Bishop settled back in the easy chair to which he had been invited by the judge's wife, and who had warmly welcomed him, he thought how fortunate he was in having such a place of entertainment.

About five o'clock the judge came, and he, too, gave the Bishop a hearty welcome. The two chatted pleasantly until dinner was announced, and then the judge led the way into the dining-room, where a table loaded with good things met the Bishop's eye.

"Bishop," said the judge after they were all seated, "will you please return thanks?"

The Bishop complied with the request, and in a few simple words thanked the Giver of all good for those tokens of His love. As he opened his eyes he saw tears trickling down the judge's face.

"Are you ill?" inquired the Bishop, in a startled voice.

"No, I am not ill," replied the judge, "but I want to ask if you ever preached in Bolton?"

"Yes," answered the Bishop. "It was my first charge; but why do you ask?"

"Do you remember a young fellow whom they used to call 'Drunken Jim Baldwin'?" asked the judge.

"Yes," replied the Bishop. "I remember him well. I tried to help that young man, and never knew whether I did or not. I did not stay there but a year, for the people did not think that my ways were suited to them—so they told me. I never heard anything from Jim after I left Bolton. Why do you ask? Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes," said the judge, in a voice broken by deep emotion, "I do know him. I know that you helped him. Bishop, you don't know me, but they used to call me 'Drunken Jim Baldwin'; they call me 'Judge' now."

Cornish, N. H.

CHURCH DAYS

REV. CHARLES NICKLIN.

WHAT days shall the church observe? This is coming to be a serious question in some branches of the church. To our own denomination it is a question of some importance. The Protestant Episcopal Church has a long list of feasts and fasts appointed to be observed, many if not all of which commemorate the great facts connected with the early history of the Christian Church. To the Puritan fathers these days and the ceremonies connected with them were obnoxious, and in coming to this new land they discountenanced their observance. So far as we know, they only observed two days, and these were of their own appointment, namely, Fast Day and Thanksgiving Day. At first these were purely local. Thanksgiving Day has been retained and has become a national day. Fast Day was observed until recent years, when it was abolished, and now Patriots' Day takes its place. The Episcopalians and the Puritans occupied extreme positions.

Our own church being an immediate offshoot from the Established Church, has retained many excellent features of the mother church. For example, the baptismal, marriage, communion and funeral services of the Episcopal Church

have, with slight modifications, been adopted by our own denomination. The early founders of our church were not opposed to the doctrines or ritual of the mother church except in very few instances, as baptismal regeneration, apostolic succession, absolution, etc. The contention was not on the ground of error in the doctrines or polity of the church so much as in the utter lifelessness which characterized the services of the church. This was not due to the services as such, but to the spirit of worldliness which had taken possession of the clergy and laity. The early founders of Methodism were not antagonistic to the formula of worship in the church, but to its cold, lifeless and meaningless observance. The Wesleyan Methodists have from the beginning observed Christmas, Good Friday and Easter. The writer has attended service in Methodist churches on Christmas Day when that day has fallen on a week-day. He has also attended service in churches of the same denomination on Good Fridays. A reaction has set in within a few years among the descendants of the Puritans, looking toward a more pronounced observance of some of the great days of the church, including Passion Week.

The old prejudices against church ritual are disappearing. Now, in many churches the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and Responsive Psalms are used at the regular services. And in the minds of some the season of Lent is considered a very appropriate recognition of our Saviour's forty days' fasting, ending with His temptation. It may be abused by some; but because a good thing is abused by some is no reason why those who desire to make a right use of it should not do so. In this world of temptation and sin the special emphasis of our Lord's experience may be attended with great blessings.

But in the absence of ecclesiastical law there is a lack of harmony concerning the observance of church days. And to add to the confusion, during recent years other days have come to have special recognition, and the number is increasing. We have the Week of Prayer, Day of Prayer for Colleges, Prison Sunday, Temperance Sunday, Epworth League Day, Missionary Day, Children's Day, Sunday on or before Feb. 22, May 30, July 4, the Lord's Day Week, and others. There are several questions suggested by this condition of affairs. One is, Shall we make more of the great church days which bring to our minds the supreme facts of Christianity, or shall we allow these new names to usurp the place which for centuries has been assigned for special observance by devout believers? Is the church justified in distinguishing every organization or reform movement by setting apart a special day for each? Would it not be wiser to keep the old days, and observe those that have been neglected, rather than put upon the church calendar days representing different organizations, various reform movements, or patriotic occasions? These are important, but is there not a danger that the special Sabbath observance of them may lead us too far away from the great historic events of the church of our Lord and Saviour? Are we not unconsciously drifting away from them at the present time? Would not the careful observance of the church days, on the part of Christians in general, do much to bring the great body of Christian believers into closer and more vital union with the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the church?

Bay View, Gloucester, Mass.

THE FAMILY

TWO EASTERS

EMMA A. LENTE.

One year when came the blessed Eastertide,
And o'er the earth the sweet south wind
blew mild,
And violets bloomed, a happy mother sang
An Easter song unto her little child.

The mother sang, and twined the smilax
round
The chancel rail, and stately lilies set
In graceful ranks, with rose and pink and
palm
Placed in between, and fern and mignon-
ette.

The child looked on with pleased and won-
dering eyes,
And listened while the mother softly sung
An Easter song, scarce heedful of the words,
For care to see the garlands fitly hung.

And when the Easter came, to her 'twas but
A day of festival, of chant and psalm,
And glad, exultant sense of victory —
A day of sacred joy and bloom and palm.

She had no graves, fresh-heaped and chill
and deep;
And so she sang, with eyes and face serene,
The story of the Easter Day, and of
The glorious victory of the Nazarene.

Another year — beside a little mound
She knelt, and strewed it o'er with blos-
soms gay;
No more she sang, but in her heart she
knew
The inner meaning of the Easter Day.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful
Eastertide

At Eastertime, oh, who can doubt
That He who calls the violets out
Of their brown graves beneath the rime
Will wake us, too, in His good time?
Are we not more than many flowers?
Oh, sweet the lesson of the hours
At Eastertime.

— May Riley Smith.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the
amen of God to all His deeds for the salva-
tion of men. — H. Kautsch.

It is a wonderful fact that Christianity's
brightest flower of Hope should find its ori-
gin in an empty tomb. That empty tomb is
the world's pledge of immortality. — Anon.

The few hours in the grave were but a
semibreve rest in the music of that Life;
the Easter morning struck a fresh bar, and
the music went on, in the higher spaces, it is
true, but in the same key and in the same
sweet strain. And just so it is with all hu-
man life; "the grave is not its goal." —
Henry Burton.

I have stood in a smith's forge and seen
him put a rusty, cold, dull piece of iron into
the fire, and, after a while, he hath taken
the very same identical individual piece of
iron out of the fire, but bright, sparkling.
And thus it is with our bodies: they are laid
down in the grave, dead, heavy, earthly; but
at that general conflagration, this dead,
heavy, earthly body shall arise living, light-
some, glorious. — Fuller.

Bravely and happily let us walk through
this Dark Valley; for though the rocks over-
shadow, and the Phantom haunts it, at the

end of it is a door of hope — a door of im-
mortality that opens on the gardens of heaven
and the trees and streams of life. . . . This is
the Christian's hope, and truly herein Christ
maketh us "more than conquerors," for we
not only triumph over the enemy, but profit
by him, wringing out of his curse a blessing,
out of his prison a coronation and a home. —
Canon Farrar.

Since Christ is risen, it is the precious priv-
ilege of the people of God to think less of
the grave in which the body is laid, and
more of the glory into which the soul has en-
tered. It is because we are slow of heart to
believe all that the Heavenly Father has told
us concerning departed friends that there is
often so little sweetness in our cup of be-
reavement. We think only of our great loss,
of our desolate home, and, as some one
has well said, "the very crown of life is
eclipsed by the casket, and the glory excel-
ling grows dim in the shadows in which we
choose to abide." — *Christian Intelligencer*.

Our lives are too often graves in which the
best possibilities of moral and spiritual
beauty and strength lie sleeping. Perhaps
not one of us is living at his best. There are
better things in our soul than have been
brought out. There is more love lying in our
heart — sympathy, compassion, gentleness,
helpfulness — than has yet been called out
into service. There are undeveloped possi-
bilities of usefulness in every one's heart and
hand. Many of our lives are like the trees in
orchards and forests, all over the land, these
early April days, waiting for the warm sun-
shine and gentle rains to call out their foliage
and fruits; we need the warm south wind of
God's love and of the Holy Spirit to woo out
the blessed possibilities that are sleeping in
our lives. We need Easter in our hearts, a
resurrection which shall cause us to arise and
shine and put on our beautiful garments. —
J. R. Miller, D. D.

The Son of God entered the lists with
Death to try the question as to which should
be the reigning power in the universe,
whether life or death, light or darkness, cor-
ruption or immortal strength and beauty.
They grappled for mastery, each with the
other, in the wilderness, on the cross, and in
the grave. At first Death seemed victor. He
appeared to triumph over the one Man as
over all other men. The Prince of Life was
slain. The hour and power of darkness
vaunted their supremacy. And Chaos seemed
about to spoil the palace of Life. But it was
only for a moment. It was not possible that
Christ should see corruption or be holden of
death. Life broke from the sheath and hush
of death into the rapture of the Easter morn.
Death was robbed of its sting, the grave of its
victory, and the lord of death of his power to
terrify. As the blessed Lord emerged from
the empty tomb, leaving behind Him the ad-
justed ceremonies of death, stepping forth
into a garden where the spring flowers ex-
haled their rarest fragrance, it was forever
established that life was stronger than death,
light than darkness, truth than lies, God
than sin. — Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Easter is to Christmas as the flower to the
bud. Between the two great holy days there
stretches the whole of the Christ-life on the
earth — the healing of the sick, the giving
of sight to the blind, the going about on the
hills and through the vales of Galilee, the
words He spoke, the deeds He did, from the
hour that His ministry began until He cried,
"It is finished," upon Calvary. The most
amazing period in the story of time, those
three years in which God tabernacled in hu-
man flesh, is commemorated in two small
places, Bethlehem and Easter — the one with

the star-beam, the other with the day-dawn,
the one with those who worshiped at the
cradle, the other with those who sought the
garden tomb, and both with the help and
the song of the angelic visitors who came to
serve their Lord. Easter, even more than
Christmas, speaks very tenderly to those who
follow Christ in lowly dependence and un-
faltering trust. Its gladness strikes a deeper
note. Its light seems brought from the very
inmost radiance of heaven. We are dull of
vision, but at Easter we catch a glimpse of
that world of fullest brightness which is just
beyond this sphere of strife and this school
in which we are taught the lore of the king-
dom. — Margaret E. Sangster.

Kind Nature sings through all our earthly
way,

There is no death;
All is the breath
Of life that opens to an Easter-day.

And Love sings, too, 'midst all the pain and
strife,

There is no death.
Hear what it saith?
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

O glorious song of Nature and of Love!

On, onward ring,
Till all hearts sing

There is no death, 'tis life from God above.

— ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD, in *Youth's Com-
panion*.

EASTER LILIES

HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON.

THE trouble began when Jim mar-
ried. His wife was an avaricious
woman. When she found that the old
folks had left the brothers an equal
share in the farm, she brought a charge
against Robert for two years' support of
her father-in-law, who had paid his keep
many times over by the farm rents.
Robert flatly ignored the claim, and
Sarah swore a warrant against him
which Jim was obliged to uphold for his
wife's sake. Robert paid a lawyer to
defeat Sarah, and she got things in such
a tangle that the case was held over for
court trial. The end of it was that the
lawyers and jurymen absorbed the cream
of the estate, and Sarah got the leav-
ings. When the two brothers parted
Robert uttered some hard truths about
Sarah, and in the ensuing quarrel Jim
swore eternal enmity against his own blood.

Robert went West; but for years nothing
prospered under his touch. He laid
his misfortunes to his brother's male-
dictions, and, in turn, wished him all
manner of ill luck until time softened
his grudge and brought back the mem-
ory of many past kindnesses. He never
heard of Jim; he had probably worked
and bought back the old place — he was
a steady, industrious fellow, was Jim.

That was thirty years ago. Robert
was now an old man, and he had grown
very weary of wandering among
strangers; he longed for old friends,
for the familiar scenes of his boyhood,
and for the soft, spicy, piney air of
Georgia.

It was Saturday afternoon before
Easter when he left the train at Gaines-
ville and set off on his long walk toward
the old farm. The soft south wind was
laden with the breath of blossoming
things, and the thin green foliage of
early spring enveloped field and forest.
It made him think of his mother's old-

fashioned garden with the tall Easter lilies and the lilacs that burst into bloom with the first breath of spring. He had dreamed of that garden every spring for thirty years.

Everything was changed. The old broom field by the railroad had grown into a pine thicket, and the oak wood beyond the meadow-stretch had been felled years ago to make room for enterprising cultivators. In other years he and Jim had often walked to town and back in an afternoon — now it was such weary work to walk one way!

At the turn of the state road he came upon a cluster of small, rough buildings grouped about a substantial farmhouse. A thin, sallow-faced man stood in the door of the nearest shack smoking a corn-cob pipe, and finding him pleasantly disposed Robert took courage to ask for shelter over night.

"I reckon you're welcome," he answered, dryly. "This air the county pore farm."

Robert sat down before the smouldering embers, for the evening air held the chill of a light frost. The inmates gathered about, and questioned him with the mild curiosity of simple country folk; and he, in turn, asked after his old associates, many of whom had gone to their long rest.

"An' Jim Reilly?" he asked presently, with thinly veiled curiosity.

"Jim's been at the farm nigh onto two year," his informant answered. "He's got consumption; they're lookin' for 'im to die long 'bout now. People like him goes mostly when the sap fust rises."

Robert could not trust himself to answer at once, but when the conversation threatened to drift away from the much worn topic he brought it back hastily.

"I've heard 'bout Jim," he said, wistfully. "I used to know the old folks when I'se a boy."

"Jim's wife driv 'im to death," an old man put in, sadly. "She's went to live with her oldest girl what married well off up in Habersham. Sarah was a drivin' woman. 'Twas her 'at made trouble betwixt Jim and Bob in the fust place. Jim never was hisself sence Bob lef'."

"An' what become of Bob?" he asked in a whisper.

"He went to Texas, an' got killed in a big mine bust-up — least that's what Jim heard. Bob ain't never been heard of from the day he lef' to this."

"An' the old place?"

"Hit went by sheriff's sale for half of what hit was wurth."

Robert made out to drink a cup of coffee for supper. He could not eat for the strange, painful tension in his chest, which threatened, now and then, to rise up and choke him. After supper he lingered on the steps looking across the moonlit stretch of farm land toward the old place.

"I reckon I'll walk out a spell," he said to the others. "I'll be back d'rectly."

He waited until the door closed, then went softly over to the little cottage where the sick man lay. The window was open to a hand's-breadth and a little pine fire sputtered on the hearth, by which he could see the long, gaunt figure on the bed and the thin, knotty

hands folded over the patchwork quilt.

"Binny," said the weak, husky voice, "seems like I smell blossoms. Air the flowers put out any?"

"Some," said Benny. "Mostly snow-balls an' honeysuckles."

"Them's mighty purty, too," the sick man quavered. "I've been a studyin' a heap 'bout flowers, lately. Seems like I'd be more satisfied ef I could see some — like the flowers in ma's ole gyarden. Ma set a powerful store by flowers. Me'n Bob uster he'p her water 'em an' ten' to 'em when we's little fellers. Ours how we all tuk to flowers. I reckon 'twas case we sorter grewed up with 'em. Me'n Bob mostly liked the same things, you see, Binny. Bob was the smartest; he uster larn me to do things. Thar was a big lilac bush at the door an' a bed of lilies in the gyarden; plum white the blooms was, an' they's sweeter'n any flowers I ever did see. It 'ud bloom jes' at Easter. I uster smell 'em fust thing of a mornin' an' las' thing of a evenin'. I tended them flowers after ma died, but Sarah didn't take no store by 'em; seem like she wanted the hull gyarden for green truck. She had it plowed up 'fore I knowed it. Sarah warn't no hand fur flowers. Ef Bob had a-stayed at home, we'd 'a' kep' 'em."

The man listening in the dark bowed his head and sobbed with the pain of revived sorrow. Presently the weak, patient voice spoke again: —

"Do you reckon them leetle May-flowers is a bloomin' yit, Binny?"

"Nope. 'Taint May yit."

"They ain't rightly May-flowers," he explained, humbly. "They bloom 'long in the fust of March — leetle trailin' white and pink blossoms what grows wild in the woods. They're mighty sweet-smellin' — most as sweet as Easter lilies. They'd orter be bloomin' now, Binny."

"I reckon they ort. I ain't seed any."

"I wisht I had some. I'm sorter hankerin' for 'em. Ef Bob'd lived, we'd 'a' had plenty o' flowers betwixt us."

Why did he speak so often and tenderly of Robert? Had he forgotten what had passed between them that morning, thirty years ago? Robert slipped away noiselessly. He stopped at the old men's quarters and asked one of them to let him in, in case he got back late; he wanted "to walk out a spell."

Surely, most people had lilies in their gardens. He walked briskly down the open road toward the old place, and stopped at every house to ask for lilies; but no one had them. He saw a few sprigs of flowering almond and English dogwood, but those were not the flowers Jim loved; he must have lilies like the ones that used to bloom in his mother's garden.

He had gone two miles when it occurred to him that he had better turn back and try the town road where people fixed up their gardens to match the smart suburban houses; but even there he found neither lilies nor May-flowers. Nothing remained, therefore, but to go to town. He did not notice his weariness in the zeal of his quest, but when he finally reached the little florist's shop he was too exhausted to tell his wants, so he waited in silence while the florist

put up his shutters for the night; and meantime the bloom and beauty of his surroundings revived his strength and cheered him wonderfully. He picked out two great tall spikes laden with white, waxy buds and blossoms.

"Sold," the florist said. "All these lilies are sold, and as many more are wanted."

"Sold!" Robert echoed, feebly. "Couldn't you let me have jes' one plant?"

"Impossible. These are for the Methodist Church, where they're going to give a special Easter service tomorrow."

"I wish they knowed a dyin' man's cravin' 'em. Mebby they'd let one go; don't you reckon they would?"

"You say the man's dyin'?"

"Dyin'," Robert said, earnestly; "an' he's jst wishin' and wishin' for one of them flowers. Easter lilies's what he's wantin'."

"I wish I could let him have it. Where does he live?"

"At the poor-farm."

"Ah! I've a good mind to do it. I don't believe the church folks would care. I'll send a flowering rose instead, and explain to them afterward. No, I don't want pay; take it and welcome."

He picked out the finest, largest plant and wrapped it carefully in tissue paper, and Robert started out bravely.

"Be real careful, or you'll break it. Carry it with both hands, so."

Oh, that fragrance! It rested him and softened his heart to deep repentance of the past. Why had he blamed Jim so much? They had been such good comrades before his marriage. Now Jim's wife had left him to die alone in the poor-house, while he had always had plenty. It was his fault as well as Jim's. If he had forgiven him and asked his forgiveness, even Sarah could not have come between them.

Robert paused to rest by the roadside many, many times during that return journey; he heard the town clock strike ten, then eleven, and finally the midnight hour, and still he tolled wearily onward through the stilly night, alone with the lilies and his solemn thoughts.

The dawn was brightening in the east when Robert crept up the steps of the poor-house with his fragrant burden. The light sleeper within arose and admitted him, and he fell weakly across the bed and slept till the morning sun touched his pillow. He saw the inmates gathered about his flower talking softly, delightedly, making childish conjectures as to its destination. While they went to breakfast he rose and took his flower to the sick-room which Benny had swept and garnished with a few sprigs of myrtle which had struggled through in the hard earth of the poor-yard. Jim's back was toward the door, but he saw by Benny's face that something unusual was happening.

"Binny, I smell lilies," he said, struggling up from his pillow. "I smell 'em just as plain as can be."

Robert went forward and put his gift on the chair beside the bed. He wiped the dampness from his forehead and then fell back a pace, his eyes still on the flower, but his face quivering with pent-up emotions of pity and, revived

tenderness, for which he could find no fitting means of expression.

Jim knew him instantly, but surprise made him speechless. He lay back and smiled while the tears chased each other down his wasted cheeks, and he looked, not at the lilies, but at his brother's face.

"Hit's plum like ma's lilies, ain't it, Jim?" said Rob, tremulously.

"P'int blank, Bob, like what we uster tend together when we's boys."

There was a little space of eloquent silence, then Robert leaned forward and put his own hand awkwardly on the wasted, folded ones.

"I feel to'd you just like I did then, Jim," he said, wistfully. "There ain't no call to remember nothin' else."

"No, no," Jim murmured, "there ain't. O Bob, how sweet them lilies is!"

Gainesville, Ga.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

To those of our readers who cherish tender memories of the late Rev. Louise S. Baker the following verses will be of deep interest. In sending them, Dr. Mary Ella Mann, who resided, with her mother, in Miss Baker's house in Nantucket, and who was her dear and intimate friend, writes: "On the first Easter we spent with Miss Baker, after our return from church she handed me one of her visiting cards with her verse written on one side, saying, 'Answer it on the other side of the card.' During the afternoon the 'answer' came to me as I have written it, and I wrote it, as she requested, on the other side of her card and gave it to her. I send the verses in the thought that they may be of help to some one."

Question — REV. LOUISE S. BAKER.

How can I keep the risen Christ in life of mine,
So poor, so weak, where doubts and fears
as foes combine?
How make His heart a part of me, myself?
His power
For good fulfill in my career each day and hour?

Answer — MARY ELLA MANN, M. D.

"Lo! I am with you alway," even to the end.
With you in the trials My love and mercy send;
With you in your doubts and fears, what-so'er they be.
"Come unto Me," child of My love. "Abide in Me."
And thou shalt grow, a branch from Me,
the living Vine,
And in My life shalt live and rest, for thou art Mine.

THE REVELATION TO THE SORROWFUL

WEALTHY with various revelation is the resurrection of our Lord. As the sun floods light every whither, does the risen Christ stream affluent radiance, answer, certainty. See how His effulgence brightens sorrow. There is Mary of the swimming eyes and the breaking heart, clinging about the emptied tomb. Let her stand as specimen of the sorrowful; and mark how the risen Christ brings her the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

There is revelation for the sorrowful — that angels are at the behest of the risen Lord. There Mary sees them, those bright presences, keeping watch and ward where had lain the body of Jesus. What of angels? Things like these are told us of them: they are creations of God; they are agents voluntary and intelligent; they are possessed of power and knowledge superhuman; they are a great multitude; they stand in the presence

of God and worship Him; they execute the Divine bidding; they are charged with special ministry — are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? And the revelation is that these radiant, helping spirits are under the mandate of the risen Christ.

There is real comfort here. Of the precise duty and mode of existence of these angels it is impossible that I get much conception, because their realm of being is so different from my own; my meagre present experience cannot much interpret their function and entity. But it is surely a gracious certainty, especially when sorrow darkens, that whatever energy of swift, strong service angels are charged with it is all in instant obedience to the Christ who died for me, and who for my sake has risen from the dead. It is good to think that their assistance, whatever may be the kind and quality of it, is in the grasp, and for my sake, of that triumphant Hand. Also to Mary weeping here at the sepulchre there is revelation, and through her to the sorrowful today, that often that for which the sorrowful grieve most is benignantly the best.

My friend, there are two sides to things. There is the side of the weeping Mary — the dead Christ, the bruised and buried body, the poor solace, so passionately longed for, of caring for the dead body to love's exacting limit, the awful disappointment of the unsealed tomb and the vanished corpse. At her then phase of experience she could not understand it. It was all horribly dark and inexplicable. Even though she had heard the Master speak great, prophetic words about His resurrection, she could not rightly interpret them. On her side, and as far as she had then gotten, it was irremediably desolate.

But there is another side to things — the Lord's. On His side how shining it all was and graciously bountiful and beautiful. That emptied tomb and vanished body meant, though at first Mary could not see it, the Master's utter subdual of death and all the defeated gloom the stupendous resurrection means.

My friend, you do not, cannot just now, see it all — that dark sorrow. There is the Lord's side of it. Some day you shall get on and up to behold His side. And then

"The things we mourned for most,
With lashes wet,"

shall sparkle with the glory of the morning and stand arrayed in the beauty of an infinite and loving tenderness.

"She, supposing him to be the gardener" — there is revelation here for the sorrowful. It is this — that Jesus is often very near us in our sorrow when we are ignorant of His nearness. Sometimes our eyes are holden, as Mary's were. I remember a period in my own life. It seemed to me things were as jagged as they well could be. I had lost all consciousness of Christ with me amid the craggy circumstances. I was utterly heart-sick. I imagined Jesus had deserted me. But how plainly I see now that He was in all and through all, was arranging just the discipline I then needed. Veritably I could better spare many things from my life than that sad yet educating season. Frequently he whom you think only the gardener is the Lord Himself close to you, loving you fathomlessly, fitting you the more for His service here, His heaven yonder.

How surely, also, in this experience of Mary, is there revelation for the sorrowful that Jesus has particular and personal knowledge of us in our sorrow. Ah! that word, "Mary," falling from His lips. He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them out. It is the tendency and temptation of sorrow to think itself forgotten, to imagine itself isolated, to see a chasm, deep and dark, yawning between itself and help, human or celestial. But He who said that

"Mary" would have us know His by-name knowledge of us, that, if no one else does in the universe, He stands with us, on our side of the chasm our sorrow seems to us to make.

There is also revelation here as to the best thing to do when sorrow whelms. Keep on loving, and earnestly attempt what love may prompt. Though so bereaved, Mary would not leave the place where the body of her Lord had lain, albeit it was so strangely, sadly vacant. For the gashed body she would still make search, that she might render it the ministries of love. And lo! to waiting and persevering love, waiting and persevering amid her heart-break, came the Lord, clad in the radiance of His resurrection, scattering her sorrow as the June sun annihilates the morning mists shrouding, for a little, the meadow spangled with flowers and the mountain green with its trees and flashing with the silver of its waterfalls. — REV. WAYLAND HOYT, D. D., in *Congregationalist*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

AN EASTER EGG TOBOGGAN

MABEL GIFFORD.

"COME to the chapel at five o'clock tomorrow," said Miss Tolman, the Sunday-school teacher, on Easter Sunday. "Never mind if your mothers or big sisters cannot come; we will take care of you and see you get home safely by eight o'clock. But every one of you be sure to bring a basket of Easter eggs."

How the little feet skipped all the way home! And how the little heads bobbed and the little tongues wagged! "And what do you suppose lovely Miss Tolman is going to do? She is always thinking up surprises for the children, and delightful new plays."

"Don't dress up," were the last words Miss Tolman had said.

On Monday afternoon at five o'clock the chapel was half full of boys and girls. Every boy as he had come in at the door had a tissue-paper rosette pinned to his jacket, and every girl had a tissue-paper sash fastened around her waist. Red, blue, green, pink, yellow, purple and white the decorations were, and they made the children feel as merry as the birds that had come back from their winter homes and out from their winter nests to sing in the trees and bushes every morning and afternoon.

"I am a robin," said one little girl, "for my sash is red."

"I am a bluebird," said another, "for my sash is blue."

"What do you s'pose I am?" asked the little girl in purple.

"You must be a purple finch," said her older sister, who had been studying birds.

"I am a rose-breasted grosbeak," said the little maid in pink.

"I am a goldfinch," said another in yellow.

"I am a white sparrow," said Dolly Dow.

"Oh, ho!" cried all the little maids, so loudly that all the boys came over to that side of the room to see what it was all about.

"Dolly Dow says she is a white sparrow!" chimed a chorus of voices. "Who ever heard of a white sparrow?"

"I saw half a dozen of them last

spring," spoke up Johnny Holmes. "They flew into our juniper tree. They were all white, and folks said they were white sparrows."

Then the boys chose names as the girls had, and when Miss Tolman came over to greet them they told her who they were.

"Why!" cried Miss Tolman, "that makes me think of a game — just the nicest game. At Easter time, when the Saviour arose from the dark tomb, you know the flowers rise from their prisons and begin to climb up to the light, and the grass blades too, and all the green leaves burst open their casings and begin to dance for joy. And the birds and the children sing, and all the world is happy. Then the birds begin to build their nests, their summer homes. Now I will give you fifteen minutes to get ready to tell me what kind of nests you will build and where you will build them, and what sort of eggs you will put in them."

"Oh, I know right off," said Sadie Ray, the robin.

Some of them knew "right off," and some needed all the fifteen minutes to get ready.

While they were getting ready, there was a great rustling and talking behind the curtain fastened across one corner of the room, and when the time was up, Miss Tolman came out and listened to the nest-builders.

As fast as one built a nest, if it was correct, Miss Tolman reached her hand back of the curtain and brought out a nest made of moss and tissue paper, with the same number of bonbons in it as the nest-builder had put of eggs in the nest.

Dolly Dow's brother said she was not correct, for the white sparrows had not built any nests, but were only visiting. But Miss Tolman gave her a nest because she described a sparrow's nest rightly, and no one had learned about any but the home birds.

How they all laughed at little Freddy Nichols when he said: "I am a green parrot and I build a big wire cage, and eat cracker, and fiddle Yankee Doodle."

"Now," said Miss Tolman, "take the eggs you brought and we will try the toboggan."

Then they knew what the long board covered with felt at the side of the room was for. They took their baskets filled with colored eggs, which had been boiled hard and then dyed and some of them decorated with gilt paper, and began to roll them down the toboggan. At the foot was a flat board covered with felt, which had pockets in it.

The eggs were started, three at a time; the egg that rolled down quickest won for its owner one of the other eggs, and if one of the others rolled into a pocket, it won the remaining egg. If the first egg rolled into a pocket it won both the remaining eggs.

It was a merry game if one judged by the laughter. But Jack Hay did not play fair. Instead of holding his egg carefully at the top, and letting it go when somebody counted three, he gave it a start, and of course it went ahead of the other two. Dolly Dow's was one of the other two; she was just puckering up her face to cry, and looking so

funny that Sadie Ray put both hands over her mouth to keep from laughing, when — whop! away bounced Jack's egg over the narrow rim of the toboggan, and down it fell to the floor. You may be sure it wasn't able to roll any more after that, and you may be sure he did not roll any more eggs unfairly.

When Dolly Dow turned around to get ready to cry, and was just going to say, "I shan't play any more," she saw a little girl sitting all by herself in the corner. Then the egg smashed, and all the children laughed, and Dolly cried after all, for she laughed till the tears ran down her chubby cheeks, and she ran over in the corner where all the wraps were folded up on the settees, and hunted for her handkerchief in her jacket pocket.

Then she saw the little girl again. "Why don't you play?" asked Dolly. "It's lots of fun."

"Mother couldn't let me have any eggs," answered the girl, soberly.

"You might have brought just plain eggs, like Milly Brown; her mother couldn't take time to color any or make them pretty."

"My mother couldn't spare any," said the girl.

"Do you want to play?" asked Dolly. The girl nodded.

"Do you want to play very much?" The girl nodded again.

Dolly hesitated, then she walked back to the players and took up her basket of eggs. She had lost two. She went behind Miss Tolman who was sitting on the platform steps, and sat down on the step above her.

"Tired, Dolly?" asked Miss Tolman, glancing over her shoulder.

"No, Miss Tolman. I'm just taking a minute to think."

So Miss Tolman watched the game, and Dolly looked at her eggs. She was thinking of a little verse she had recited to Miss Tolman Easter Sunday — "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Miss Tolman heard Dolly getting up, and turned her head in time to see her walk across the room and hold out her basket to the little girl sitting there, and whom no one but Dolly had observed.

"Take it," said Dolly; "you go and play now."

But the girl hung her head, and put her finger in her mouth, and did not offer to take the basket.

Dolly was puzzled. "Will you take half?" she asked.

"Yes," said the girl, jumping up.

So they went back together, and Tilly Smith — that was her name — had as merry a time as the rest. But of course their eggs gave out first, and they sat down beside Miss Tolman and looked on. Then another little girl's eggs gave out, and she joined the group, and by and by they all were sitting around Miss Tolman, and Sadie Ray had won all the eggs.

Of course the next thing was to beg Miss Tolman for a story. She told a story of a boy who tried to get all he could away from every one, and a girl who tried to give all she could to every one. "Now which let the most of Jesus' love shine out from the heart to brighten the world?" asked Miss Tolman.

"The little girl! the little girl!" shouted all the children.

"And which one was happiest?" asked Miss Tolman.

"The little girl! the little girl!" shouted the children again. While Miss Tolman heard some one close to her whisper softly, "I be."

After that they had a dainty supper out of egg-shell cups and saucers and plates, and funny little pitchers. Miss Tolman told them that an Easter fairy had hidden magic eggs about the chapel and they might have all they found.

Such a scramble as there was at that! And just where you never would think of finding an egg there one was found. And such wonderful eggs they were! Every one of them opened. They were tied with ribbons. Dolly Dow's egg had tiny twin baby dolls in it. Tilly's was full of bonbons. She gave half of them to Dolly. Sadie Ray's contained a tiny book with a sweet Easter poem in it. Johnny Holmes' held a real rose. Jack Hay found two eggs, and after looking at them a minute he hunted up the child who had not found one and gave it to him. Jack found bonbons in his, and the other boy had a little Easter card. On the face were Easter lilies, and on the reverse side was printed: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Which would you rather have?" asked Jack.

"Yours," said the boy.

"I'll swap," said Jack.

Then Sadie Ray passed around the basket of eggs she had won, and every one chose an egg with the basket held behind him, or her, until all the eggs were distributed.

After that it was time to go home, and a barge stopped at the chapel door, and some one shouted, "Ready!"

Dolly ran back to give Miss Tolman an extra hug, and whisper, "This is the blessedest Easter party."

And Jack lingered after the others, and hung his head and said: "I won't do it again, Miss Tolman."

"That's right, Jack," said Miss Tolman, and she put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the forehead.

Then Jack held up his head and marched off like a soldier.

And Tilly was so happy she looked at her pretty eggs and smiled all the way home.

Needham, Mass.

"I am convinced Cleveland's is the purest baking powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use."

SARAH T. RORER,
Editor Cookery Department,
Ladies' Home Journal.

Epworth League Department

Edited by REV. F. N. UPHAM.

The Prestige of Place

Doubtless the nobleman whose son was lying at the point of death, was encouraged not a little, in going to ask the Master to help, by the fact that he would meet Him at Cana. At that very place, not long before, the Wonder-worker had wrought the first miracle of His marvelous ministry. The place had become a vantage-ground. There was a presupposition of success in its very air. Great things had been done there once, and they could be again.

At the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument an enormous crowd surged around and against the platform so that it seemed disaster must soon come. Policemen were vainly trying to keep the throng back. A man in the multitude cried out impatiently, "It's impossible to move back." Hearing that remark Daniel Webster, who was the orator of the day, arose and said in his own majestic way: "Impossible! Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill!" and the crowd fell instantly back. There was the prestige of place.

Beyond all question, should there ever be another struggle between England and France, and by chance or design the battlefield should again be Waterloo, the probability of English victory would be fully ninety per cent., for that historic ground would have the prestige of place. So with the church of Jesus Christ. Again and again on its hallowed ground wonders of grace have been wrought. Christ has times without number been found there by the earnest, candid inquirer. Honor the church always. Expect a blessing within its courts. It has the prestige of place.

The Compensations of Grace

Do we give up? We receive more. Is there a self-renunciation? It is the way to self-exaltation.

"The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows."

Christina Rossetti, the poet of the inner life, whose verse verges possibly on the mystic, but is still most healthy in tone and healthful in influence, writes as follows, in poetic prose, on what we would call "The Compensations of Grace":—

"True, all our lives long we shall be bound to refrain our soul and keep it low: but what then? For the books we now forbear to read, we shall one day be endued with wisdom and knowledge. For the music we will not listen to, we shall join in the song of the redeemed. For the pictures from which we turn, we shall gaze unabashed on the Beatific Vision. For the companionship we shun, we shall be welcomed into angelic society and the communion of triumphant saints. For the amusements we avoid, we shall keep the supreme jubilee. For the pleasures we miss, we shall abide, and forevermore abide, in the rapture of heaven. It cannot be much of a hardship to dress modestly and at a small cost . . . If with a vivid conviction we are awaiting the white robes of the redeemed. . . . Solomon in all his glory was outdone by a lily of the field, and all his glory left him a prey to sensuality, and this launched him

into shameless patronage of idol worship; until the glory of his greatness and the lustre of his gifts, combined with the heinousness of his defection, have remained bequeathed to all ages as an awful warning."

My Young Sister in the Church

Let the editorial plural go, and I will address you singly: Your voice is seldom heard in public prayer. Your mother knew how to prevail with God. The women of early Methodism were "gifted in prayer." It isn't a lost art. Seek to know how to use this blessed gift. You sing, you speak, you help in many ways, but the church wants to hear you pray. Methodism needs your pleading at the mercy-seat.

Missions and Missionaries

— Bishop Thoburn is in the Philippines.

— A great revival is taking place in our Methodist pioneer churches in Alaska.

— Bishop Ninde has been "spying out the land" in Cuba and Porto Rico. He thinks the latter island is to be our field. The Southern Methodists are already at work in Cuba.

— The Yale Missionary Band, composed of five splendid young men, graduates of recent years, thoroughly consecrated and eminently successful, are soon to begin a New England campaign. They emphasize three points: Pray, Study, Give. April 22-29 are their Boston dates.

— Thirty dollars a year will maintain a Christian native teacher in the Angola Mission, Africa.

— Bishop Hartzell calls for young colored men and women from this country to go to Africa as teachers. He assures them traveling expenses, board, and \$100 per year. He hopes to establish a school beside every mission church.

— In twenty-five years 700 Chinese have been baptized and brought into the Methodist mission churches on the Pacific Coast. Three hundred and eighty-two Chinese women and girls have been rescued from an infamous bondage, of whom ninety-two have become members of the church, and over 7,000 Chinese men, women, and children have received secular and religious instruction in our evening and day schools.

— One Christian minister to every 700 people in the United States; one Christian missionary to every 700,000 people in heathen lands!

— The first fifty years of Methodism's work in heathenism was more successful in the number of church members enrolled than the first fifty years of work in the United States! Here are the figures: In heathen countries—244,372; in the United States—240,924. The gain in the missionary field is all the more striking when we consider that nearly every church member there was a con-

vert from heathenism, while in America thousands of members came to us from sister churches in Europe.

—"Fat priests make a lean land," says Rev. Peter MacQueen, writing of Porto Rican Catholicism.

— Mr. Denby, for many years the American Minister to China, says: "Believe nobody who sneers at the missionaries. They are heroes and heroines as truly as Grant or Sheridan, Nelson or Farragut."

— The struggle in Africa is intense. "There are more pagans being Mohammedanized in Africa than there are being Christianized. All North Africa is Mohammedan, and there is a powerful movement southward." "Roman Catholicism is pouring in priests by the hundred. . . . Christian countries are sending into West Africa every year two hundred tons of intoxicating drink, increasing the sorrow and misery."

By the Way

— We are hearing frequently of League prayer-meetings being held after the Sunday evening preaching service, and in every case those who have tried it have been delighted with the results.

— A suggestion is made to appoint leaders of League prayer-meetings for a month at a time. There is much to be said in its favor. It develops the leader, for he loses embarrassment after the first meeting and is free the rest of the time. It saves the meeting from a succession of untrained leaders. It takes advantage of personal qualities in the leader, which cannot well be manifested in one service.

— A little reflection will show the evident unfairness of charging the League prayer-meeting with failure because it does not report many conversions. It is largely a preparatory meeting, and led by an inexperienced young Christian. It is virtually a training school. The young people are doing the best they can in their meeting for larger usefulness in the regular church work. Don't blame them if they are not able to do that which requires much wisdom and often baffles the skill of many consecrated preachers—bring men to repent of their sins and seek Christ.

— Let's give Dr. Berry a great reception at all our Conference anniversaries this spring!

— The key to the League situation is the minister.

— It is a good plan to have "our pastor's night," when he leads the League prayer-meeting, regularly and as often as once a month.

— The resignation of Rev. Wm. Warren, of Portsmouth, N. H., removes from the chairmanship of the Literary department in the First District Cabinet a very faithful and efficient worker. By the election of Rev. Dr. M. S. Kaufman, of Brockton, Mass., as his successor, an expert has been called to the work, and great things are justly expected of him.

A Hymn Social

MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

TWO or three new features in this hymn social recommend it to the fourth vice-presidents of our Epworth League chapters, several of whom have asked me to write it out for publication.

The first is the forming of groups. Slips of paper containing the first line of a well-known hymn are given the members of the League as they enter the room. All are then invited seek out those having hymns by the same writer as their own. A Charles Wesley group of five or more is soon formed, while John Wesley, Watts, Faber, Newton, Cowper, Doddridge, Montgomery, Bonar, and others will be represented by groups of varying size. The wandering stars who do not know to which constellation they belong will be assisted to find out by the fourth vice-president or her assistants.

The next feature is a contest with numbered cards, in which the names of tunes which are played on the piano are written on the cards. "America," "Antioch," "Ariel," "Bethany," "Boylston," "Coronetion," "Dundee," etc., are played in succession, with a pause between each, and you will hear people saying, "I know just as well!" and yet it will not be easy to get them all right.

Following this comes a spelling-down contest. Twenty or more volunteers come forward and form a line, facing the audience. Slips of paper containing the first line of a hymn are given out, and each one reads the line on his paper, completes the stanza, and gives the author. None of the hymns used in forming the groups should be given out in this contest, but it will be easy to find hymns like "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with Me," "Onward, Christian Soldier," etc., which are familiar, and yet which are sufficiently puzzling. Those who fall sit down, and other slips are given out until the triumphant hymnologist stands revealed.

The last exercise of the evening is called a hymn story, and any one in the audience may supply the missing hymns as the story progresses. The story as I have given it runs as follows:—

HYMN STORY.

It was a cold, raw night of Christmas week a few years ago, when a young man strolled aimlessly out into the wet streets of Boston in the vain attempt to get away from himself. He had come from the middle West to study law in Boston University Law School, and a touch of homesickness had come over him with the approach of the holiday season.

"I wish I could say good-bye to Boston with its clammy east winds," he muttered, as he walked moodily along. Suddenly he remembered a hymn he had heard his mother sing about December being as pleasant as May. What hymn was it?

As he repeated the words of the hymn to himself it came over him like a flash of lightning that the trouble was not in the weather, but in himself.

He boarded on Warren St. in Roxbury, and he was now just opposite Baker Memorial Church. It was not

meeting night, but the children were practicing their Christmas music, and a sudden impulse made him go in and sit down in a seat by the door.

How glad the music sounded as those young voices rang out in a hymn of rejoicing that the Lord had come, which was sung to the good old tune of Antioch. What was the hymn?

The young man bowed his head on the back of the seat in front of him and tried to pray. It was a long time since he had offered a word of prayer, for in his ambition and struggle for an education he had left his religion behind when he started for the East.

"Can it be possible that God will forgive me?" he thought to himself as he remembered his own neglect of duty and indifference to the calls of conscience. Suddenly he recalled a hymn about God's mercy, and as he repeated the last line, "He weeps and loves me still," his heart overflowed with tenderness, and the tears rained down his cheeks. What was the hymn?

Over and over he repeated the words until a sweet peace filled his heart. He felt that he was forgiven, and that God was reconciled to him. The words of one of Charles Wesley's hymns exactly expressed his feelings, and he repeated it softly to himself. What was it?

He raised his head and looked about him with a wholly new feeling. He joined in the children's singing, but softly, not to attract notice, and wished that he had not one but a thousand tongues with which to praise the Lord. What hymn expressed his feelings?

The room was too narrow for him, and he went out again into the night. The sleet had turned to hail, which smote him in the face, but it only brought to his mind a hymn which he had often sung to the tune of "Coronetion." What was it?

As he walked back to his room an old question which he had thought settled forever came back to him: "Are you willing to preach the Gospel?" A year before he had answered "No," and had deliberately chosen the profession of law; but now he answered "Yes," and threw his selfish ambition to the winds. The last stanza of one of Charles Wesley's hymns, in which he longs to preach Christ even in death, comes to his mind. What was it?

We need not follow this young man during the three years that ensued, except to say that he changed his relation from the Law School to the Theological School, and began his preparation for the ministry.

We find him again at the close of the Annual Conference as he receives his first appointment. It is a small charge on the West District of the New England Conference, but his heart sings as he thinks of the opportunities it offers. He goes home humming a good old hymn to the tune of "Boylston." What is it?

He goes to his charge among the hills, and enters upon his work. Though the place is small, there is a good parsonage, and both people and pastor often regret that it is untenanted.

"We've allus had a merried man," a good old brother tells him when he has nearly completed his first year.

Why is it that the young preacher can never pass the empty parsonage without thinking of a sweet young girl who used to play the piano in Sunday-school when he was in the Theological School? She had the grace of God in her heart, and she had a beautiful and suggestive name which made a certain hymn containing it a great favorite with the young preacher. What hymn was it?

It so happened that Conference was to meet in Boston, and our young minister was overjoyed when he received an invitation from the father of the young lady of his thoughts asking him to make his house his home during Conference. All the family welcomed him, and Miss Grace was ready at any time to play the hymns he loved and to sing them with him. One evening, when they were alone in the parlor, the young man turned to a hymn that expressed an hourly need, and asked the young girl to play the tune while he sang the second verse. What was it?

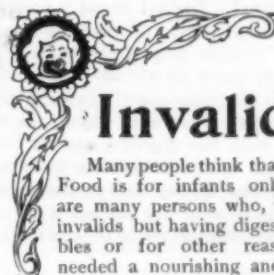
For an answer she sang a hymn beginning "I would be thine." What were the words?

Before the roses bloomed there was a modest home wedding, and Miss Grace became the pastor's wife. A sweet and solemn hush followed the marriage ceremony, and bride and bridegroom began to sing softly a hymn which expressed the blessedness of the tie which bound their hearts in one.

With this song on their lips we leave them, feeling sure that such a marriage will insure their being "happy ever after."

Hymns in story: "How tedious and tasteless the hours," "Joy to the world," "Depth of mercy," "My God is reconciled," "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "Happy if with my latest breath," "A charge to keep I have," "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," "I need thee every hour," "I would be thine," "Blest be the tie that binds."

Milford, Mass.



Invalids

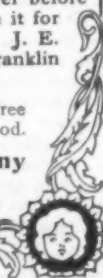
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League Prayer Meeting Topics for April

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D.

April 2 - The Birthday of Hope. (Easter Meeting.) 1 Pet. 1: 1-9.

"O earth! Lent shrouded long in mourning;
Thy night is vanishing; behold the day!
Lift thy glad front to hail the Easter dawning;
Christ comes! Hell, Earth and Heaven,
Make way! Make way!"

It is the first Sabbath after the full moon and the vernal equinox. Easter Sabbath! Beautiful Easter! Brightest of mornings!

Less than nineteen hundred years ago some strange events took place at Jerusalem. On a certain Friday a quiet Teacher and Miracle-worker had been hung on a cross. At that time strange signs manifested themselves in the Temple, in the sky, in the earth. It was rumored that He said He would rise from the grave on the third morning. So they sealed His tomb, and placed a sentinel there to guard it. At the early dawn of the third morning two women silently wended their way between the tents pitched about the city, going towards the sepulchre. They had tarried in the tents all night, that they might visit the place of burial before the city gates were opened. In their hands they carried spices as a tribute of affection. This meek Man from Galilee they loved because of His goodness, His compassion, and His purity of life. These with a few others were the only ones who did care for Him. Just a little band of disciples.

Since then nearly nineteen centuries have passed. Behold the change! Now the most enlightened portion of the entire race stand in thought with emotions of grateful joy around that tomb. On this anniversary Sabbath the eyes of princes and statesmen and most learned of men are gazing upon that rock-hewn sepulchre. The lowly of all lands look at it and for the moment forget their poverty. The bereft look on the empty grave and take comfort. Easter! What a blessed Sunday! The anniversary of kindling hope! On this day Europe and America rejoice hand in hand; parts of China join in the song of joy; India looks eagerly toward that grave which angels filled with light; Japan grasps fairly well the significance of this day; even poor Africa is lifting its dark hands toward the Easter dawn; the Himalayas and the Isles of the sea are glad together over the essential truth of our Christian religion.

"Tis the day of Resurrection,
Earth! tell it abroad!
The passover of gladness
The passover of God."

1. Observe the effect of the resurrection upon Peter's character. We have none of the details of Christ's meeting with Peter after He arose, but it is recorded that on that morning the young man at the tomb, "clothed in a long white garment," bade the women "tell His disciples and Peter." And Paul says, "He was seen of Cephas." The two disciples returning from Emmaus stated that "He hath appeared to Simon." He becomes a "Rock." Later he grew into as heroic a soul as history mentions.

2. The resurrection is the source of hope. When Christ snapped the bars of the tomb then was hope established on sure foundations. Because He lives, we shall live also. Without this fact we could not expect salvation. This is the argument Peter makes to comfort the exiles of the dispersion, mentioned in our Scripture lesson.

3. The goal of this hope. A grand, most inviting, inheritance! Who would not desire it?—not subject to corruption; never to be defiled; fadeless as the Christian's crown; "reserved for you who are kept." Heavenly inheritance!

4. "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." Here Peter would

encourage them to make sure the real possession of a Christian life. In St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome I saw monuments of James III., Charles III. and Henry IX., kings of England. These potentates are scarcely known to the average Englishman. They had a name to reign, but they did not receive the end of their faith.

April 9—Holy Garments. Eph. 4: 20-24; Rom. 6: 4.

It is well-known that we judge strangers by their dress, but acquaintances by their lives. In Bible times, more than now, clothes represented the man. Rank and station were thus designated. Apparel told quite an accurate story. Moses was commanded to make for Aaron "holy garments." These were very attractive in appearance and gave him a distinguished air. St. Paul urges the Ephesians to put off the old man as one would put off soiled garments, and be clothed with the righteousness of Christ.

This does not imply (1) merely an exterior change of life. Some persons are so moral and amiable that conversion does not greatly alter their conduct; (2) It is not making a cloak of religion, so putting on the semblance of piety that one can be religious on Sunday and worldly all the rest of the week; (3) It is not a veneering of any kind. Lord Chesterfield, we are told, trained his son not to abandon vice, but to conduct himself like a gentleman in its practice.

The true meaning is that (1) The Christ-life is implanted in the soul by the Holy Spirit, not only filling it, but covering it as with a holy garment; (2) In Christian profession and godly conduct the Christ-life presents a beautiful external appearance, as a robe of divine royalty; (3) "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." What he is will ultimately determine the kind of moral and spiritual garment he wears.

Holy garments may be procured (1) By a manifest willingness to put off the garments that are unholy; (2) By ceasing to do evil and striving with God's help to do well; (3) By making thorough work of repentance and exercising childlike, submissive, obedient faith in Jesus Christ.

When men came to enlist in the American army to fight for the victims of Spanish oppression, it mattered not what clothing they wore. The son of the millionaire with his extravagant cloth no less than the cowboy with leather pants was required to lay his garments aside and put on the uniform of the Republic. So every one who enlists under Christ's banner must lay aside carnal clothes and be dressed in the livery of heaven. This venture is (1) a knowledge of Christ as a personal Saviour; (2) Such an apprehension and appreciation of Him as will command willing devotion to Him without counting it a hardship; (3) A love so genuine that we not only abstain from grieving Him, but are pained when we see others casting reproach upon His name; (4) A life so hid with Christ in God that its unconscious influence wins men to the Saviour. Lord Peterborough says: "I had to run away from Bishop Fenelon to prevent his making me a Christian."

BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

1. Longfellow wrote of Evangeline: "When she passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." Should not Christians aim to have so much of Christ's winsomeness that their presence will be enjoyable?

2. Matthew Wilkes once rode in a coach with a young nobleman and a lady passenger. Hearing from this fast young man conversation unbecoming a gentleman, Mr. Wilkes tactfully addressed him and said: "My lord, maintain your rank." The timely reproof was effective and even gratefully received. Chaste conversation is a fair robe.

3. A distinguished Christian lady was spending part of her summer vacation at Long Branch. While there an attempt was made to have her participate in a dance in order that the function might have the prestige of her presence. She withstood all the importunities of her friends. Finally a senator at the hotel endeavored to persuade her to attend, saying, "This is quite a harmless affair and we want to have the exceptional honor of your presence."

"Senator," replied the lady, "I cannot do it. I am a Christian, and never do anything wherever I may go that will injure the influence I have over the girls of my Sunday-school class." The senator bowed and said, "I honor you; if there were more Christians like you, more men like myself would become Christians." What a beautiful garment is such heroic consistency! Let all Epworthians aim at purity of heart and such deportment as is in perfect keeping with a Christian profession.

April 16—The Eternal Morning and Modern Missions. (Missionary meeting.) Isa. 60: 1-12.

Do you observe the majestic sweep of the thought in this topic? There is dawning the morning of a day about which no shadows can ever fall! And the coming of that day is hastened by increased activity in modern missions. Never was there so much interest in this kind of Christian work as now. But never before were the opportunities so vast and the Macedonian cry so loud and heart-rending. The heathen world in darkness is like Tennyson's picture of man—an infant crying in the night, with no language but a cry. What a bitter cry it is! How hard the hearts that are not moved thereby with compassion! Mental darkness, moral darkness, thick darkness like that of Egypt's gloom! What a bright day will that be when missions shall have achieved their high purpose! Then the eternal morning will have thrown its radiant freshness over all mankind. Isaiah's prophecy will become a reality. Earth's millions will heed the call, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Read carefully this elevated strain of prophetic inspiration as recorded in the Scripture before us.

THE LIGHT.

1. Modern missions bring eternal morning to individual hearts. Missionaries find much of their richest reward in the changed lives of converts from heathenism. That dark expression of sadness so common and repugnant in heathen faces gives place to a solar light beaming in the countenance from the Sun of Righteousness within. A Hindu trader asked Pema, a native Christian, "What do you put on your face to make it shine so?" "I don't put anything on it." "Yes, you do," answered the trader; "all you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra and in Ahmedabad and in Surat and in Bombay." Pema laughed, and his face shone anew as he said: "I'll tell you what it is that makes my face shine—it is happiness in the heart. Jesus gives me peace and joy." It was morning in his soul.

2. They bring light to nations. Every Christian nation has been blessed beyond calculation by modern missions. Not one has received larger benefits from this agency than our own beloved Republic. Missionaries came to this land in its early history, and men imbued with the missionary spirit planted churches in all our new territories. They rescued this country from barbarism. We owe immeasurable gratitude to missions. Madagascar, Japan, the Sandwich Islands and India have all received some conception of the eternal morning through mission influences.

3. They illuminate all peoples. This is the glory and brightness of our Gospel. It is universal in its provisions and adaptations. "Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising." The doomed collapse and confessed hopelessness of paganism, by contrast, make all the more splendid the inherent beauty, towering sublimity and celestial radiance of Christ's morning Gospel. It is designed for the whole race. Rapidly it hastens on to embrace all in its living and eternal light.

HOW IT IS SPREAD.

1. By supernatural energy and supervision. A native missionary from India with a morning expression on his face was asked, "What does the sum total of your observation lead you to think

the world needs most today for its spiritual uplifting?" Fervently he replied, "The Holy Ghost! The Holy Ghost!" He it is, this third Person of the Trinity, who produces eternal morning.

2. He uses agencies and instrumentalities. The most magnificent of these are His organized churches and their organized mission movements. How sad that these greatest of all helps may become the heaviest hindrances. After Joseph Cook had returned from a tour around the world, visiting many mission fields, he was asked by a company of ministers, "What do you regard as the greatest obstacles to the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands?" Quickly he replied, "The infidelity in the church at home." By this he meant the want of faith in God and in Christ's power to save.

ITS POWER.

Willing workers accomplish more than they imagine. Georgia Willis was a little kitchen-girl. One day she was rubbing a rusty knife, singing,—

"In this world is darkness;
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Mary, the cook, said: "What do you rub at them knives forever for?" "Because they are in my corner," Georgia answered, brightly. "You in your small corner, you know, and I in mine." "I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do." "I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary; "no one will notice." "Jesus will," replied Georgia, and then she sang again,—

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If He knows about knives, it's likely He does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully. At breakfast Miss Emma said: "Mary, this steak is nicely done." Then came the reply, "That's all owing to Georgia!"—and she told about the knives.

Miss Emma is ironing ruffles. She is tempted to slight her work, but thinks of the knives and does her best. Her sister Helen was inclined to attend a concert that night, but, remembering the knives, went to prayer-meeting instead. Her presence and that of her friend so cheered the pastor that he thanked them for the help they rendered in the service. They told him about the knives. He was moved to new fidelity, and visited a neglected sick man, who proved to be Georgia's father. Telling him about the knives, he gave his heart to Christ.

The lady for whom Georgia worked increased her contribution to missions from ten to twenty-five dollars through the influence of the story about the knives.

What is more beautiful than simple fidelity to Christ? If all of us would shine our best in the corner assigned us, how soon would eternal morning brighten every human soul!

April 23 — How Christ Makes Use of Common Lives — The Man with the Pitcher. Mark 14: 12-16.

One common little flake after another, and lo! an avalanche of snow. One little streamlet joins another as insignificant as itself, but ere long behold the mighty river. God wishing to form vast coral reefs employs but a tiny worm. An unknown traveler planted an acorn on the hillside. It sprouted, rooted, grew. Love sought its shade to breathe tender vows. Age basked beneath its boughs at noontide when the heat was intense. A thousand birds caroled upon its dangling twigs and built their nests in its branches. For a hundred years it gave joy to man, bird and beast. In the busy mart an obscure tongue dropped a word all love-inspired. It entered a stranger's ear. It saved him from the dust of sin and opened the pearly gates to him and his comrades three. Then —

"Regard no vice as small that thou mayst brook it;
No virtue small that thou mayst overlook it."

These little things go to make common lives — if there be common lives.

When Christ sent His disciples into the city to prepare the passover, the man with the pitcher played a more important part than any one then imagined. He guided the disciples to a home where one of the most important of all Christian rites was instituted.

Earth may form castles and grade men at her pleasure; but God, deciding from the basis of reality, may pass an entirely different judgment. I dislike to think of men as

common. Certainly they are not common in the sense of unimportant. There are no unimportant lives. Just as long as man bears any remains of God's image, he plays an essential part in the mysterious drama of life. If nothing more, he affords you and me an opportunity to assist him to the sunny plain of rectitude. But taken in the ordinary acceptance of the term, most lives are common. Abraham Lincoln once said, "God must love the common people, or He would not have made so many of them." Observe, —

1. The importance of common lives. Minute events are the hinges on which magnificent results turn. Only a tiny spark led to the invention of gunpowder. Printing owes its origin to a rude impression taken for the amusement of children. Yet without that spark and that rude bit of paper, where would have been these two invaluable civilizers? Look at little lives growing great. One boy among the nineteen children of the Epworth rectory and one awkward lad among many splitting rails in Western woods were both common lives once. But they grew. And today the world is ready enough to do homage to the ecclesiastical prince and the political monarch. But many, you say, do not rise to eminence in later years. True. But you will grant that if uniformly faithful to every trust, they will meet God's design in their creation just as acceptably. Possibly such persons may be as important as many who are more conspicuous.

2. The utility of common lives. A nobleman showed a friend a collection of precious stones whose value he could scarcely compute. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had purchased two stones that had cost him but five pounds each, yet they yielded him a very considerable income every year. Escorting him down to the mill he pointed to the upper and nether millstones. Ah! these toilers! These grinders! These lives that do the rubbing, the pulling, the threshing! These lives that do the lifting while others do the planning and bossing! Who shall say that they are not useful to the world — even indispensable to the world's progress and man's happiness?

April 30 — How Shall We Divide Our Time? Eccles. 3: 15.

"Our to-days and yesterday's
Are the blocks with which we build!"

Character may be regarded as so much time wrought into virtues that strengthen and graces that adorn manhood and womanhood. The use or abuse of these swiftly fleeting hours will determine each one's doom of despair or destiny of eternal blessedness. Time is divided for us into, —

1. The Past. With that part of our history is one solemn fact. Life that is lived stands just as we lived it. Its record is indelibly written. Nothing can erase it. Never can it be made to appear other than it is. All that has been noble therein we would not wish changed. But how gladly would we have all the evil of our past lives blotted out! The only way to have pleasant memories of the past is to live truly and rightly in each passing present.

2. The Future. This is endless. How it stretches away into the boundless ocean of eternity! Thinking of it rationally must make us serious, for every fleeting moment is doing its part toward molding that vast forever toward which we hasten so speedily. It holds for us one long blessing or blight, according to our attitude of obedience or disobedience to Christ. We have nothing to fear if true to Him, much to dread if rebellious and disloyal.

3. The Present. Strictly speaking, this is only a point — I had almost said a pin-point. In the Hebrew language there is no present tense, only past and future. However, there is a present. Short it may be, but it is of highest value and fraught with momentous interest. Within it all personal character is achieved, all decisions made, all destiny determined. How vastly important to be right this moment. How needful to choose Christ now, to serve Him now, to exercise faith now. In the Gospel much emphasis is placed upon immediate action. In some sense it is true that the little moving present is im-

mensely more valuable than both past and future combined.

TIME'S IMPROVEMENT.

1. By economy of the minutes. Waste none of them. Let each one be invested in some useful way. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Great wealth of culture and character may be secured by a wise use of spare minutes. In a European cathedral one stained-glass window was missing. An apprentice in the factory said he could make a window out of the bits of glass cast aside. He collected the fragments, put them together, and produced a window finer than any of the rest. And many men have accomplished splendid results by making much of the bits of time left over from daily tasks. Nearly all great men have been misers of time.

2. By system. For some people this is drudgery; but some system is essential to success. In no other way can very busy men meet all the demands made upon them. Few men excelled Wesley in the systematic use of all his hours. Sir Wm. Jones gives us his division in a couplet: —

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven."

3. By punctuality. Buxton, the celebrated merchant, writing to his son, says: "The habit of being punctual extends to everything — meeting friends, paying debts, going to church, keeping promises, retiring at night, and rising in the morning." "You have made us lose a whole hour," said a gentleman to a boy as he entered a room where an important committee was meeting. "Beg pardon, sir," he answered, taking out his watch, "that is impossible. I am only five minutes late." "Very true, but there are twelve of us here, and each one of us has lost five minutes, so that makes an hour." Young people will bless themselves and others by adhering to the habit of being invariably punctual.

Our time has been entrusted to us as stewards. An account of its use must be given to Him who holds us responsible for its wise employment. A most effective story is told of a young man who scrupulously regarded his time as a sacred trust. Invited by a fellow salesman to attend the theatre, he replied, "I cannot." "Why?" "Because my time is not my own. It belongs to another." "To whom?" "To the firm, by whom I have been instructed not to leave without permission." The next Sabbath afternoon the same salesman said, "Will you go with me to ride this evening?" "I cannot." "Why?" "My time is not my own. It belongs to another." "To whom?" "To Him who has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Some years passed, and that clerk lay upon his dying bed. His sterling qualities had won for him a creditable place in business and in society. "Are you reconciled to your situation?" asked an attendant. "Yes, reconciled; I have endeavored to do the work that God has allotted me, in His fear. He has directed me thus far; I am in His hands and my time is not my own." In triumph he passed out of time into eternity.

Brockton, Mass.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Second Quarter Lesson II

SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1899

JOHN 12: 1-11.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

THE ANOINTING IN BETHANY

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *She hath done what she could.* — Mark 14: 8.
2. DATE: A. D. 38, March 31.
3. PLACE: Bethany.
4. PARALLEL NARRATIVES: Matt. 26: 6-13; Mark 14: 3-9.
5. HOME READINGS: Monday — John 12: 1-11. Tuesday — Mark 14: 1-9. Wednesday — Luke 7: 36-50. Thursday — Luke 10: 38-42. Friday — Phil. 3: 1-12. Saturday — Mark 12: 35-44. Sunday — 1 John 4: 10-19.

II Introductory

Jesus was in Bethany. There He spent in quiet the Sabbath, "the Great Sabbath," as the Jews call it, the Sabbath before the Passover; and there, after sunset, a feast was spread for Him and His disciples in the house of one "Simon the leper" — apparently the home of Martha and Mary, since both were present, and "Martha served." Their brother Lazarus was also there.

The Bethany feast was a fragrant one — made perpetually so by an act of pure, whole-souled love. Mary, following the impulse of gratitude for her restored brother, and of devotion to his Deliverer and her own adorable Lord — perhaps, also, with an intuition of His approaching fate — had provided an alabastron of Indian spikenard, royally rich and costly; and when the fitting moment came, and her feelings could be no longer restrained, she approached the couch on which Jesus reclined, and, quickly breaking the seal of the flask, poured the precious ointment without stint upon His head and feet; then, forgetful of the company present, in the ecstasy of the moment, she wiped the sacred feet with her long hair, while the exquisite perfume pervaded the room and filled the whole house with fragrance.

An act so unexpected and so prodigal would, of course, be criticised. Indignant murmurs came from some of the apostles, and the accents of the treasurer Judas were especially sharp in condemnation. A pound of spikenard! More than three hundred pence in value wasted in a moment! Was there ever an act so outrageously extravagant? Think how many poor that sum would feed and clothe! But a voice was heard that hushed the murmurs and vindicated Mary, who, in the greatness of her love, had not stopped to calculate the value of her gift, or to foresee the stormy criticisms which it would excite: Do not trouble her. It is for My burying. She hath wrought a good work on Me. The poor are always with you; but Me ye have not always. She hath done what she could. Her act shall be known as a memorial of her wherever this Gospel is preached throughout the whole world.

Meantime a gathering of a very different kind was being held in Jerusalem. The chief priests, in secret conclave,

were busy devising some scheme by which they could, with least disturbance, entrap and kill the Man whose miracles and teachings were fast winning the faith of the nation. They had decided to include Lazarus also in their conspiracy; for they knew very well that members of their own party had gone to Bethany to gratify their curiosity, by looking with their own eyes on a man who had been dead four days and was now living, and at the great Prophet who had summoned him from the tomb; and curiosity was leading to belief.

III Expository

1. Then Jesus — R. V., "Jesus therefore." Six days before the Passover — on the Sabbath (Saturday) before the Crucifixion. Came to Bethany. — We learn from the other Evangelists what a caravan of Passover pilgrims had attended Him, and what enthusiasm His miracles and teachings by the way had excited. Where Lazarus was. — The prominence of Lazarus in bringing the Jewish hatred against Jesus to a crisis, is especially noted by St. John. Which had been dead — omitted in R. V.

2. There they made him a supper — R. V., "so they made him a supper there;" on the Sabbath evening; a sort of public feast or banquet, it would seem, "in the house of one Simon the leper" (Matthew and Mark). Nothing is known of Simon. His leprosy had probably been cured by our Lord. According to one tradition, Simon was the father of Lazarus and the sisters, according to another, the husband of Martha. Martha served — true to her character in John, as she is in Luke (10: 38-42). Her devotion expressed itself in serving; Mary's in anointing. Lazarus . . . sat at the table (R. V., "sat at meat") with him. — He probably reclined next to Jesus, and was the most prominent of the home guests present.

3. Then took Mary — R. V., "Mary therefore took." A pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly (R. V., "very precious"). — According to the parallel accounts, it was contained in an alabastron flask, which, says Pliny, resembled in shape a closed rose-bud. It held a "pound," or "litra" (a Roman pound, about twelve ounces). The spikenard, or pure, liquid nard, unadulterated, was made from a rare, fragrant gum, of the valerian family, imported from Arabia, India, and the Far East. Judas reckoned the value of the amount used at from \$45 to \$50 — a large sum for those days, equal almost to the wages of a whole year. Anointed the feet of Jesus — also His head (Mark 14: 3). She broke the

seal, and poured without stint the delicious ointment, first on His sacred head, then upon His feet, the double act showing the highest honor. Wiped his feet with her hair — using her chief ornament in lowliest service, counting nothing too dear or precious wherewith she might honor Him who had been so much to her. The house was filled with the odor, etc. — About half a century had passed, and yet the Evangelist had not forgotten this.

Her faith made it a twofold anointing — that of the best Guest at the last feast, and that of preparation for that burial which she apprehended was so terribly near. And deepest humility now offered what most earnest love had provided, and intense faith, in view of what was coming, applied. And so she poured the precious ointment over His head and over His feet; then, stooping over them, wiped them with her hair, as if, not only in evidence of service and love, but in fellowship of His death. And the house was filled — and to all time His house is filled — with the odor of the ointment (Edersheim).

4, 5. Then saith one of his disciples. — R. V. transposes the verse as follows: "But Judas Iscariot, one of his disciples, which should betray him, saith." According to the parallel accounts, the disciples "had indignation;" but John is more accurate. He remembers that it was Judas who began it all, and was conspicuous for his angry censure, the others merely catching the contagion from him. The first question was, "Why was this waste?" (Mark 14: 4.) All such sacrifices, in the eyes of the world, in the eyes too of frigid disciples, are accounted as acts of culpable squandering; simply because the self-forgetful love, which is the impelling motive and gives it all its value, is overlooked, or not properly estimated. Why not sold for three hundred pence? — It was Judas who ciphered the value. Pliny says that this ointment was worth four hundred denarii a pound. Given to the poor — a shallow pretense, on Judas' part, as we shall see in the next verse. The Judas protest, however, has not died out. Still men complain that Christian money goes to support missionaries, convert heathen, distribute Bibles, etc., which might be given to the poor.

6. This he said, not that (R. V., "because") he cared for the poor. — All this professed concern for the poor was sheer hypocrisy. He was a thief — "essentially dishonest; covetousness was the underlying master-passion of his soul" (Edersheim). It angered him that he could not handle the denarii that that ointment would bring. Had the bag, and bare what was put therein — R. V., "having the bag, took away what was put therein;" was a secret purloiner. Judas was a sharp business man probably, and therefore had been entrusted with the management of the common purse,



Don't boggle

Boggle—To hesitate, as from doubt or difficulty; to hold back, etc. (Standard Dictionary.)

Boggling doesn't pay, in the matter of Pearl-line. Don't do your washing in a harder way that costs more, when Pearl-line has an easier way that's more economical. The longer you do without Pearl-line, the more loss to you. You can't have any good reason for not using it. If you think you have, let some woman talk to you who knows all about Pearl-line.

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which depended upon the voluntary contributions of the well-disposed.

Mark the striking contrast between the money-box of Judas and the alabaster-box of Mary; his thirty pieces of silver and her three hundred denarii; his love of money and her liberality; his hypocritical profession of concern for the poor, and her noble deed for the Lord; his wretched end and her blessed memory throughout the Christian world to the end of time (Schaff).

7. Let her alone; against the day, etc.—R. V., "Suffer her to keep it against the day of my burying;" words which were probably intended to be enigmatical; and to recall the attention of the company from the woman, shrinking and distressed at the harsh criticisms of her conduct, to Himself and His approaching fate, and yet in such a way that His meaning should be somewhat veiled. Lange construes the words: "Leave her this, do not grudge this, that she kept it, and is even now saving it from your bag for the anointing of My body unto death." In the other accounts Jesus says: "She hath wrought a good work on Me." "It was happy for her," says Burkett, "that she had a more righteous Judge than murmuring Judas."

8. For the poor ye have always with you, etc.—The contrast is with the last clause—"Me ye have not always." Whereas the care of the poor would be a daily concern and duty till the end of time, the opportunity of "wasting" money on Him was narrowed to but a few hours. Further, the love that lavished its gifts upon Christ would be the only love that would truly provide for the poor.

To relieve the wants of many is intrinsically better than to anoint the head and feet of one. But if that one is the incarnate Son of God, about to suffer for the sins of men; if the same opportunity of testifying love to Him will never be repeated; and if that love can be emphatically testified by unctious, or by any other costly outward application, it would be right to make it, even if the poor must lose or suffer so much for it (Alexander). Christ, who became poor that He might make many rich, teaches that there are more ways of doing good than almsgiving. All heavenly charity is not bound up in bags of flour. Try to measure the amount of bread which would have been provided by the 300 pence with the fragrance that was exhaled from this woman's deed into millions of weary hearts among the poorest of the poor (Ker).

9. Much people of the Jews therefore knew—R. V., "the common people therefore of the Jews learned." By "the Jews" in this Gospel the opponents of Jesus seem to be invariably meant. The lower class of these appear to be here referred to. That he was there—that Jesus was at Bethany, and that a feast was being given in His honor, at which Lazarus was present. The house therefore was thronged with curious spectators from Jerusalem, who came for the double motive of seeing a man raised from the dead as well as Him who had raised him.

10, 11. But the chief priests—who, being of the Sadducean party, and therefore disbelievers in a resurrection, would naturally regard Lazarus with peculiar aversion. Consulted—R. V., "took counsel." Might put Lazarus also to death.—He was a sort of living miracle. It was useless to destroy the Worker unless they also destroyed this monument of His work. Many of the Jews—many of their own adherents. Went away and believed—or, to keep the imperfect tense in the translation, "were going away and believing."

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IV Inferential

1. Love counts no cost.
2. What we spend on Christ is not wasted.
3. Hypocrites can always see something to censure.
4. Christ will not desert His friends.
5. The full significance of a loving act may not be seen even by ourselves.
6. Covetousness is an imperious passion; to gratify it men will barter honor and even life.
7. "Christ trusts a thief with His money, because He sets no value upon it; but He keeps souls in His own custody" (Quessnel).
8. Our Lord knew Judas was a thief, and yet tolerated him; giving him a chance to the very last to repent.
9. Had not Judas murmured, the value of Mary's offering might not have been known.
10. The miracles that lead some to believe, lead others to hate.

V Illustrative

1. "Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

"Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed.

"All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is their blessedness like theirs?"
(Tennyson.)
2. And what is the lesson, or true import, of this so much commended example? What but this?—Do for Christ just what is closest at hand, and be sure that you will so meet all His remotest or most unknown times and occasions. Or, better still, follow without question the impulse of love to Christ's own person; for this, when really full and sovereign, will put you along easily in a kind of infallible way, and make your conduct chime, as it were, naturally with all God's future, even when that future is unknown; untying the most difficult questions of casuistry without so much as a question raised (Bushnell).

Did the Poet Dryden Mean You?

How many weak, tired, overworked, worn out and run down men and women bitterly appreciate the poet Dryden's famous lines:

"Till, like a clock worn out with keeping time,
The wheels of weary life at last stand still."

The wheels of weary life indeed seem to stand still with you because you are sick out of health, exhausted in nerve force and physical strength. Why do you not consult an eminent specialist about your case, a famous physician who makes a specialty of nervous, chronic and lingering complaints, and because he has made the treatment of cases like yours his life work, is sure to cure you? The most successful specialist in the world in curing such diseases, Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., can be consulted absolutely free of charge in regard to any case, whether you call or write to him about your complaint. If you cannot call, write to him at once, and out of his vast experience he will give you advice and counsel as to exactly what ails you, and what you should do to be cured. He uses in his enormous practice among the sick, only harmless vegetable remedies, which always act in harmony with the laws of life and therefore always cure. One of his grand medical discoveries, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is known and used in every part of the civilized earth, and he has discovered and prepared equally marvelous curative remedies for all diseases. It will cost you nothing to get his advice and learn just what your disease is, and if you will follow his wise counsel, the wheels of life will again revolve with their oldtime health and happiness.—Adv.

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OUR BOOK TABLE

Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity. By Rev. James Orr, D. D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian Theological College, Edinburgh. Being the Morgan Lectures Delivered in the Theological Seminary of Auburn, New York, in 1897. A. C. Armstrong & Son.: New York.

This volume is a very important contribution to the early history of the church and one of the freshest, most reliable and helpful that we have examined for many a day. The author has the historic instinct, and goes to the bottom of things. While impressively devout, he is not afraid of what he may discover nor of the truth in any form. Ministers and Bible students will find this volume particularly luminous and faith-making. The subjects of the three lectures are: "The Extension of Christianity Laterally or Numerically in the Roman Empire;" "The Extension of Christianity Vertically, or as Respects the Different Strata of Society;" "The Intensive or Penetrative Influence of Christianity on the Thought and Life of the Empire."

Poems by Richard Realf. Edited by Col. Richard J. Hinton. Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York and London. Price, \$2.50.

In the sub-title to this volume Mr. Realf is called poet, soldier, workman. Of English birth, he came to America in 1854, and his life henceforth was eventful and full of trial and misfortune, mainly the fault of his peculiar temperament. For five years he was a soldier in active service in the Civil War. He produced a great quantity of verse, and did other literary work as lecturer, orator, and newspaper correspondent. His marital experiences were unfortunate, and he finally died by his own hand in 1878, aged 44 years. His poems, now for the first time collected, are mostly lyrics and sonnets, many of them exquisite productions. Beside his deathbed was found a triplet of sonnets, the last of which is as follows:—

"So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With big films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet."

So true are these words to the events and experiences of that sad, tragic life, that they may be called a poetic autobiography of Richard Realf.

Under Three Flags; or, The Story of My Life, as Preacher, Captain in the Army, Chaplain, Consul; with Speeches and Interviews. By Rev. George W. Pepper, Author of "Sherman's Campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas." Printed for the Author by Curtis & Jennings: Cincinnati.

This man has written much about himself, but he had much to write. His life is packed full of notable experiences and incidents. The book is historic and informational to a very marked degree. His references to his early life in Ireland are exceedingly interesting. He threw himself with characteristic ardor into the Civil War, first as a "Captain" and afterwards as a "Chaplain," and became very familiar with important incidents in that struggle. The large part of the volume devoted to the Civil War is, therefore, written from a reliable inside view and is important. As consul in Italy the author made excellent use of his rare opportunities for studying that always interesting land. Few men meet in a lifetime as many notable men as did Mr. Pepper. He helps us to see and know the people that he has seen and known. The

volume is invigorating, refreshing and educational.

Anecdotes and Morals. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D. Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

A story containing an appropriate and striking illustration of a moral truth is the pleasantest and surest medium for enforcing a character lesson. Such a story arouses the attention, stimulates the interest, and causes conviction. Dr. Banks has incorporated the idea that proverbs are better teachers than platitudes in his new book, "Anecdotes and Morals." Over five hundred and fifty interesting anecdotes with forceful lessons have been gathered. They are almost entirely composed of incidents happening throughout the world within the last few months. These practical facts have been carefully selected and arranged so that they illustrate important themes and point out clear and helpful principles. Preachers, Sunday-school teachers, prayer-meeting leaders, and other Christian workers will find fresh inspiration and a rich fund of suggestion in this book.

The Cruise of the Cachalot. Round the World after Sperm Whales. By Frank T. Sullivan. First Mate. With illustrations. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

The author in this volume makes the attempt—it is believed for the first time—to give an account of the cruise of a South Sea whaler from the seaman's standpoint. He gives a plain, frank, but very thrilling narration of the methods employed and the dangers encountered in a calling about which the great mass of the public knows very little. Rudyard Kipling examined the book as it was going through the press, and wrote the author the following characteristic letter: "It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to."

Ashes of Empire. By Robert W. Chambers. Frederick A. Stokes Company: New York.

This book is the middle one of a series of three novels covering the period of the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune. The author describes the life of two American newspaper men just before and during the siege of Paris, and weaves in a very pretty love story. As usually happens, the young men rescue two young girls from the clutches

of a street mob, and after a complication of German spies, street gamins, rioters, etc., are happily married.

A Little Colonial Dame. A Story of Old Manhattan Island. By Agnes Carr Sage. Illustrated by Mabel Humphrey. Frederick A. Stokes Company: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is a story of the days when the Dutch inhabited New Amsterdam. It pictures the home life of a family of some importance, their joys and sorrows, merry makings and anxieties, showing in a charming manner their every-day lives. Many old myths and traditions have been interwoven with it, including the festival of St. Nicholas Eve. The heroine is a sweet-tempered, natural girl, who plays her part in life so well that one leaves her with regret. She befriends a poor boy, watches over him, and helps him. He, in turn, is instrumental in effecting her rescue, with other settlers, from the Indians. There is a good deal of healthy adventure, with accounts of good times, in the book which renders it fascinating to both old and young.

A Daughter of Israel. By Rose Porter. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, 75 cents.

The vow of Jephthah with its sequel has been a fruitful theme for poet's dirge and painter's canvas. The present narrative, however, varies radically from the common interpretations of the story, in that the sacrifice of the chieftain's daughter is made to consist in the devotement of her life to ameliorating the sufferings of the lepers of the tribe. Many customs and traditions of ancient Israel are deftly introduced.

His Big Opportunity. By Amy Le Penven. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 75 cents.

"His Big Opportunity" was published as a serial in the *Churchman* last year, and is now presented in book form. It is an exceedingly well told story, abounding in humor, yet at times full of pathos. Every child who reads it will be helped to higher ideals by the lives of Ray, Dudley and Rob, and the teachings of "Old Principle."

Lone Point: A Summer Outing. By Grace Livingston Hill. American Baptist Publication Society: Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

This story, written by a niece of "Pansy," portrays the influence of a cultivated girl upon her associates. Several typical characters are introduced whose career the young readers will follow with much interest.

Heart Echoes. By Jennie Elisabeth Gates. Eaton & Mains: New York.

To many bereaved hearts the poems in this dainty volume will bring uplift and healing. The author, wife of Rev. D. W. Gates, of

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Rutland, Vt., brings these verses of Christian hope and trust from sorrow's fiery crucible, with the wish that each reader may find somewhere some "crumb of comfort." The book is dedicated to Katherine May, the "only and early crowned daughter" of Rev. and Mrs. Gates, who "went home" a year ago. Vignette pictures of Mrs. Gates and the daughter are given. The volume is tastefully bound in white, with artistic decorations of violets and maiden-hair in colors and gilt on the cover.

The Living Age. Bound Volume. Including the 14 weekly issues for the months of October, November and December, 1898, in black cloth. The Living Age Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

This volume is a library in itself, giving not alone what the ablest minds think and the ablest men say, but what the ablest men say best on each subject. It will give its readers literature; something to read, and enjoy, and remember; something which shall be worth reading now and equally so twenty years hence.

One of the Two. By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "In His Steps." Fleming H. Revell Company: Chicago. Price, 30 cents.

Mr. Sheldon's books are so well known that a new one needs only to be announced. This one tells the story of how Good Influence and Bad Influence struggled to conquer one soul.

At Sea and in Port; or, Life and Experience of William S. Fletcher, for Thirty Years Seamen's Missionary in Portland, Oregon. Compiled from his Journal and Authentic Sources. By H. K. Hines, D. D. With an introduction by Bishop Earl Cranston. The J. K. Gill Company: Portland, Oregon. Price, \$1.

This is a thrilling story, reminding us, in love for the seaman and faithfulness to him, of Father Taylor's great work in Boston.

The Story of the Cotton Plant. By F. Wilkinson, F. G. S. With Thirty-eight Illustrations. D. Appleton & Company: New York.

This is one of the most informational, suggestive and interesting of the excellent "Library of Useful Stories" which this house is publishing.

Magazines

— The *March Contemporary Review* is a strong and pertinent number. Some of the leading subjects treated are: "Imperialism," "The Peace of Europe," "The Revolt of the Clergy," "The Jewish Immigrant," "The Lost Notion of War," "Mr. Balfour's Plea for a Roman Catholic University," "The Growth of Monopoly in British Industry." (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

— The *Methodist Review* of the Church South for March-April is a notable number. Bishop Hendrix writes with critical acumen and force upon "Isaiah as a City Preacher." Professor Borden P. Bowne has a characteristic contribution upon "Secularism and Christianity." Dr. Tigert, the editor, writes upon "Ethics: The Science of Duty." The regular editorial departments deal strongly with a variety of current topics. (Barbee & Smith: Nashville, Tenn.)

— The *American Journal of Sociology* for March presents several papers which are of vital interest to the Christian student, especially "The Significance of the Church to the Social Movement," by Prof. Shailer Mathews, and "The Workingman's Alienation from the Church," by H. Francis Perry. It is an unusually valuable number. (The University of Chicago Press.)

— The *Parish Choir*, a weekly devoted solely to church music, noted, with an interesting number in January, the completion of twenty-five years of its publication. During all these years the *Parish Choir* has met a real need for good church music at a reasonable price, and has proved to be an inestimable blessing and help to organists, choir-masters and choirs. For the last ten

years the *Parish Choir* has been issued weekly, at \$1 a year. At least four pages of music are always given, often eight pages, and sometimes twelve. The editor, in his "Retrospect," says: "So long as the *Parish Choir* is issued, it will maintain its past character, and its editor will be content if it serves in any degree to further elevate the use of music in the public worship of the church." (Parish Choir: Boston, Mass.)

— Music for March is a good number. There are contributions on "Widor's Organ Symphonies — An Estimate," "William Mason's Seventieth Birthday," "John S.

Dwight," with excellent portrait, and "The American Singing Girl in Italy." (Music Magazine Publishing Co.: Chicago.)

— The *Arena* for March contains a full, fresh and suggestive table of contents. The editor now characterizes the publication as "A Monthly Review of Social Advance." It would be more fitting to say a congeries of theories about Social Science. The three leading contributions are: "Blacklisting: The New Slavery;" "The Legislature that Elected Mr. Hanna;" "The Clash of Races in Europe." (Arena Company: Copley Square, Boston.)

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A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus

By A. CONAN DOYLE, author of "Uncle Bernac," "Brigadier Gerard," "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," etc. Uniform with other books by Dr. Doyle. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The new novel by Dr. Doyle, which has been awaited with so much interest, is now ready. The story is one in which the author has felt a peculiar interest. The scene is laid in London, and the story is one of the present time. The scene opens where the conventional novel ends — with a marriage, and another point of difference from the usual novel is that the marriage turns out happily, notwithstanding the varied experiences of hero and heroine. Dr. Doyle shows a new phase of his fine talent in this book. As a story of wedded love it has an idyllic character which will appeal to every reader not devoid of healthy sentiment. As an adroit interpretation of a true philosophy of wedded life the story contains illustrations and pithy sayings which will enlist the interest of women and men alike. As a story pure and simple the play of motives, contrast of characters, unexpected incidents, delightful humor, and sustained interest will be certain to increase the large company of the author's friends. Probably American readers will feel a stronger interest than their English cousins in the vivid glimpses which the author contrives to introduce of historic scenes in Westminster Abbey, of St. Olaf's Church, the burial-place of Pepys, and of the home of Thomas Carlyle. In a literary way it will be of interest to every one to note that the author of "The White Company" and the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" shows so light, sympathetic, and assured a touch in this charming picture of wedded life.

It should be noted that the author has sacrificed his serial rights for the sake of presenting his complete story to the public for the first time in book form.

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By LILY DOUGAL, author of "The Mermaid," "The Madonna of a Day," and "The Zeit-Geist." 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

This remarkable historical novel depicts the actual beginnings of Mormonism, the character of the first "revelations," and of those who accepted them, and the extraordinary experiences and persecutions of the early members of the sect. Merely as a story of strange happenings and adventures this novel would enlist the interest of readers, but it has also as really its chief reason for being, the value attaching to its portrayal of the character of Joseph Smith. At the present time an intimate interest will be felt in this vivid picture of the Mormon Prophet's origin and career, of the steadfastness of his followers throughout ignominy and peril, and the strange modifications introduced in their beliefs in the days of prosperity and material temptation.

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Rudyard Kipling writes the author: "It is immense — there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea pictures. I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to."

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Windyhaugh

A Novel. By GRAHAM TRAVERS, author of "Mona Maclean, Medical Student," "Fellow Travelers," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The author draws her characters with the clever strokes of the successful artist, and the life of her heroine is, in and of itself, so immensely interesting that the story never for a moment palls. . . . Aside from its moral and intellectual charm, 'Windyhaugh' is brightly written, and has that keen sense of enjoyment which belongs to any genuine delineation of life." — *Boston Herald*.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

The Fairy-Land of Science

By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY, author of "A Short History of Natural Science," "Botanical Tables for Young Students," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The publishers of "The Fairy-Land of Science," with the assistance of the talented authoress, have considerably extended the original volume, adding to it more or less extended notices of the latest scientific discoveries in the departments treated, and amplifying with fuller detail such portions as have grown in importance and interest since the first publication of the work more than twenty years ago. A careful revision has, as far as practicable, eliminated all errors, and also all words which, on account of their almost exclusive use in England, are not likely to be easily understood by children in the United States.

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THE CONFERENCES

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—An executive session, for Methodist ministers only, was held Monday, March 27. A letter was received from Bishop Foster expressing his disapproval of the purpose to name a church in this city after him, and asking that the matter be dropped. Next Monday, April 3, an address will be delivered by Dr. T. Corwin Watkins, of Lynn, upon the theme, "The Preacher for the Times."

South District

Boston, Bromfield Street.—The "Pentecostal Conference" held in this church the past week was a season of great refreshing. Sinners have been saved, backsliders reclaimed, a goodly number of believers sanctified, and the work of grace has been deepened in many hearts.

Boston, First Church.—During the special services which began with the Week of Prayer, a chorus of some one hundred voices, in charge of Fred W. Briggs, led the singing. Since that time this chorus has been rehearsing Stainer's oratorio of the Crucifixion, and it will be given, with the assistance of several soloists, on next Thursday, March 30. No admission is charged, and all friends are cordially invited.

Dorchester St., South Boston.—At the fourth quarterly conference the pastor, Rev. William Full, was cordially invited to return for the third year. Before Conference all current expenses will be met, and a reduction on the mortgage has been made. All departments of the church are in good working order.

Hopkinton.—This church is prospering under the pastorate of Rev. W. M. Cassidy. During the years of financial depression the society, like many others, suffered severely, some of the able workers removing to other fields of usefulness; but the burden is being taken up manfully and successfully by those remaining. With the advent of Mr. Cassidy the old church took on a new lease of life, and during the two years of his pastorate he has accomplished wonders, and all are greatly encouraged. The sickness and death of little Stewart has knit the hearts of pastor and people very closely together, for all loved the bright little fellow, and in the affliction of the pastor and his wife the people also were afflicted. At the fourth quarterly conference a unanimous vote was passed, asking that Mr. Cassidy be returned for another year. He is very popular with the town's people. The financial outlook is brighter than for several years past, all bills for the past year being paid or provided for. The pastor's wife is a host in herself, helping and encouraging both pastor and people. U.

Worcester, Grace.—Pastor Thompson has been telling his people about his visit to St. Petersburg, and of course made a pleasant recital. On the 21st the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman Crusaders was observed in the vestry. It was an interesting event.

Trinity.—If any criticism were possible on the recent evening given to the discussion of Methodist polity, it would be that too much was undertaken for any one night. A single topic would have suggested thought for the entire time. Henry D. Sheldon and Charles H. Sears of Clark University spoke, the first giving the genesis of our polity, the latter, with Robert A. Coan, speaking on the immediate use of the Revised Version in the churches. Henry D. Barber and Charles L. Clark considered the methods of selecting church officials. J. K. Greene, Esq., presided. At a late social gathering the novel feature of a story-telling contest was introduced, in which Lawyer Greene was awarded the honor of having told the best one.

Laurel St.—An evening given to colonial hymns and recitations, with a "Deestrick Skule" under the direction of Mr. Frank H. Beals, won unstinted praise from all who attended. The heart of Father Taylor, 35 Carroll St., was made glad recently by an assembling at his home of a large number of young people, who read, sang and talked till it was time to go home. Every one has a good word for Father Taylor.

Coral St.—The Methodist ministers of this vicinity recently met at this church and handled Christian Science without gloves. The Baptists have also lately had a hack at it; and now we await a word from our Congregational brethren. At the last social gathering the men prepared

and served a turkey supper. The women pronounced it the best they had ever eaten. Possibly their pleasure at having men cook the meal accounted for their generous estimate of its quality.

Webster Square.—Representative James Hunt,

F. A. Barnes and G. W. Jordan are a committee to look out for a successor for Rev. L. W. Adams.

Personal.—"Bishop" Sanderson has new helpers in his City Mission field. They are Revs. Frank Neff and W. C. Hartinger. The positions taken on leaving here by the young men whom

THE MODERN

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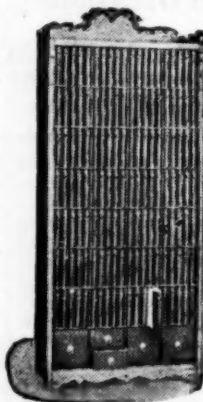
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Q. U. S.

East District

Meridian St. Church, East Boston.—The following condensed facts are gathered from the reports of the last quarterly conference: The year just closing has been one of general prosperity. The financial statements of the various treasurers show a marked improvement. The Ladies' Aid Society has had a year of unusual success in raising money, the amount secured from all sources being \$1,232. The former arrearages in current expenses have all been paid, and the present year will close with bills nearly or quite provided for. Special revival meetings have been held since the first of January during nine weeks with the following results: More than one hundred and thirty different persons have been forward for prayers. One-fourth part of these have been backsliders and members either of our own or other churches. Those who have been and are to be received on probation into the church will number between fifty and sixty. A very gratifying state of harmony and good-will prevails throughout the parish, and no members of the church or parish who were attending the services at the opening of the year have left. The outlook for the future of this church is very encouraging. At the meeting of the fourth quarterly conference resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote expressing grateful appreciation for the successful work of Dr. F. K. Stratton during the year, and requesting his return for the next year.

Lawrence, Parker St.—The various reports submitted at the fourth quarterly conference, held March 13, were very hopeful, and showed the church to be in good spiritual condition. There has been a steady gain in class and prayer-meeting attendance through the year. A revival spirit animates the membership, and the church with its renovated edifice and quickened spiritual life occupies a stronger position than ever. The *Lawrence Telegram* of March 15 says: "The present pastor, Rev. W. H. Marble, who has so successfully conducted the church work the past two years, was invited to remain with the society the coming year by a practically unanimous vote."

North District

West Fitchburg.—A handsome new bell from the foundry of the Meneely Bell Company has been recently hung in the tower, replacing the one so long in disuse on account of its being cracked. The parsonage in its new dress of paint not only looks well, but is preserved for some years to come against the ravages of time. The benevolent causes have all been presented, with the gratifying result of an increase over last year in nearly every instance. The regular collections were supplemented last Sunday evening by an offering taken at a missionary concert given for this purpose by the Junior League, under the efficient management of Mrs. Kingsley, superintendent, netting a good sum notwithstanding the severe storm. In addition to a large and prosperous Junior League, this church boasts a flourishing Intermediate League with an enthusiastic membership and a growing love for the church. This League gave \$20 toward the new bell and made an offering for the missionary cause. At the last communion service two very helpful workers were received by letter. The Ladies' Circle are working hard preparing for their annual sale and entertainment to be held early in April. This organization merits all the success it has had in the past, and will continue to draw liberal support from those who appreciate its work of caring for the parsonage property. Several new subscribers have been added to the *ZION'S HERALD* list. Rev. B. F. Kingsley is pastor.

West District

Trinity, Springfield.—Notwithstanding the storm, the services at this church, last Sunday morning, were of unusual interest. Twenty were received into the church—10 on probation, 1 from probation, and 9 by letter. Master services are continued on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The meetings of the past week have been fruitful, several persons beginning the Christian life.

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It Proves Dr. Greene's Nervura the Greatest Health Giver and Best of Spring Remedies.

E. G. Parsons, the well-known druggist of Onset, Mass., makes the following remarkable communication:



and strength through its use, we feel that no proof short of actually experiencing its great and grand curative powers will suffice. To our mind, the fact that Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., its discoverer, who is a physician of widest experience, can be consulted by any one absolutely without charge or cost, either personally or by letter, makes the cure of the people afflicted by disease assured beyond doubt.

"Five years ago my wife was clear down, completely prostrated by nervous debility. She lung wavering for a long time between life and death, until finally it turned in favor of life. She was as sick a person as I ever saw live. We gave her Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and it cured her. No doctor nor any other medicine she ever took did her half the good of Dr. Greene's Nervura. And now, whenever she feels herself going down a bit, she takes a few doses of Nervura which settles the case at once in favor of restored health. I freely and decidedly say it is the king of all medicines, and I cannot say enough in its favor from my own experience, and the report of others. I am aware that Dr. Greene is a regular physician, which adds to its value."

If this startling proof of the astonishing efficacy and wonderful power to cure of that most marvelous of medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, will not influence all to seek health

Blandford.—The presiding elder, on his last visitation, reached town in the midst of a severe snowstorm, and had to break out a way for his horse. However, the quarterly conference was held; and the esteem in which Pastor E. B. Marshall is held was shown by a request, preferred by both Blandford and Russell, for his return for another year.

Brookfield.—Rev. James Sutherland has been exceedingly popular with his people, and they greatly regret that for certain reasons he desires to move this spring.

East Templeton.—Some new industries have started here, and it looks as if there may be a little more business in town. In case this expectation is realized, our society will probably feel the beneficial effect.

Gardner.—It is well understood that Rev. L. P. Causey has done exceptionally fine work in this charge. This is the testimony of all who are conversant with the facts. As a gentleman and a Christian minister he possesses the esteem of all, and would have had a unanimous request to stay the fifth year, had he not of his own accord desired to removed this spring.

Hubbardston.—This charge is prospering under the care of Rev. W. W. Reeves. However, on account of illness among his wife's relatives, he expects at the close of the Conference year to go to Ohio.

Ludlow.—There has been some gain in membership, and the financial interests are cared for. As Rev. N. M. Caton's wife has been in such health that she could not be with him on the charge, he has decided to ask to be appointed elsewhere.

Williamsburg.—On March 12 Presiding Elder Knowles preached "a very helpful and inspiring sermon." Despite the storm and bad roads a considerable number came from West Whately (the other part of the double charge) to hear the sermon. A full quarterly conference made unanimous request for the return of the pastor,

Rev. H. H. Weyant, for a third year. The religious interest is good. One has recently joined on probation and one by letter.

Merrick (West Springfield).—The family of the pastor, Rev. A. W. Baird, are in mourning because of the recent death of Mrs. Baird's mother, Mrs. Potter, who has for some years made her home with her daughter, and has been not only a blessing in the home, but a great help in the work of the church. After a severe illness, she passed peacefully away, in unquestioning confidence of a glorious resurrection. The funeral services were held on Friday, March 17, in charge of Presiding Elder Knowles, who was assisted by Rev. E. P. Herrick, Rev. Mr. Potter, of Connecticut, a relative of the family, and the Baptist pastor in West Springfield. Mrs. Baird's affliction was intensified by the fact that her husband, at the time of her mother's burial, lay ill with pneumonia. We understand that he is recovering.

Spencer.—Rev. R. E. Smith's first year here has been successful. A considerable number of the members have removed, seeking employment elsewhere; still, the current expenses are in about the same shape as last year. There has been considerable religious interest during the year.

South Hadley Falls.—One who really knows Rev. John Mason, the pastor, will take it for granted that all interests are being cared for. A continuance of the present pastoral relation will be mutually agreeable to pastor and people, and is anticipated.

West Warren.—Some months ago we reported that on account of an almost complete cessation of business our people, most of whom were in some way dependent on the factories, had been obliged to leave in such numbers that the church would probably have to be closed. During these months there has been preaching by the pastor at Brookfield. Business has revived, the mills are again running, and at the fourth quarterly con-

ference, the brethren requested that a preacher be sent to live among them.

Williamsburg.—The return of the pastor, Rev. H. H. Weyant, is desired. He has been serving Williamsburg, and West Whately. This brother, like so many others on these charges, is blessed with a most excellent wife. Many former students of Wilbraham knew her as Miss Howe, teacher of elocution. She is a helpmate indeed in the work.

Winchendon.—Rev. A. L. Howe, the pastor, and his wife have worked faithfully in this place, and are rewarded by the fact that, despite serious losses to the church by death, the finances stand as well as before these losses and the work seems to be moving well. Pastor and wife are both beloved by the people, and it was evidently regretted by the officials present at the quarterly conference, when Mr. Howe requested to be appointed to another charge. H.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Truro.—Rev. A. A. Stockdale has proven himself the right man for this charge and so endeared himself to the hearts of the people that by unanimous vote his return is requested. Few, if any, churches can claim so large a per cent. of the population of the town among its worshippers. Large congregations greet the pastor weekly. The "pounding" given him and his family on the evening of March 10 was all in love, and the \$22 worth of groceries left was with the one wish that they might show the good-will of an appreciative people. The pastor has been paid in full. The benevolences and other demands have been met, and the church is without debt. The Sunday-school is in a flourishing condition. The Ladies' Aid and Epworth League are both doing grand service. The church is establishing a reputation for loyalty to its pastor, promptness in business, and intense interest in spiritual things, that many a larger church might envy. Our correspondent informs us that the motto here is, "Trust in God and the presiding elder and hustle," and that it is found to work well.

Nantucket.—March 5, one was baptized and two received on probation. Thursday, March 19, an historical church sociable was an enjoyable occasion. A free-will offering gave the treasury a neat sum. At the fourth quarterly conference the pastor, Rev. C. A. Lockwood, was unanimously invited to return.

East Bridgewater.—The pastor and wife have been working in the midst of sickness and grief. They have been afflicted by the death of their infant son, Harold Wesley. At the March communion one young man was baptized and received into full membership. The Epworth League has taken a new lease of life. The Sunday-school is doing excellent work. The entire fourth quarterly conference voted for the return of the pastor, Rev. N. B. Cook, for the third year.

Cataumet.—The young people were recently invited to the new parsonage for a Longfellow social. The evening was spent pleasantly with readings from that author. The visitors evidently had a little different idea of the occasion from that entertained by the pastor and wife, for "when the gentle hostess visited her kitchen after the departure of the guests, she found her table well pounded." L. S.

Norwich District

South Manchester.—The fourth quarterly conference, held on Tuesday evening, March 14, was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. Reports from all departments of the church made a most gratifying showing of successful work accomplished and hopefulness for the future. The membership numbers 425—the largest in the history of the church. During his five years of very efficient service Rev. J. S. Wadsworth has administered the sacrament of baptism to 127 candidates, and has received 186 persons to church membership. Complimentary and appreciative resolutions were unanimously adopted by the quarterly conference, which are a fitting recognition of the services rendered by the pastor and his most estimable wife.

Epworth League.—A sub-district convention was held at Burnside on Wednesday, March 22, and notwithstanding the storm of rain, sleet and snow which continued throughout the day, was an occasion of great interest and profit. Mr. George W. Guard, of New London, the efficient district president, had charge of the exercises, and his warm, genial Christian spirit and



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IT IS WISE ECONOMY TO USE GOOD SOAP. Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with our guarantee of purity. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES USE THEM, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity. Ask us for your neighbors' testimonials.

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saves you half the retail cost of your soaps, and doubles the purchasing value of this 50 per cent. saving in a premium bought for you below usual cost of making. One premium is **A White Enameled Steel, Brass-Trimmed, Bow-Foot Bed.** Brass top rod at head and foot, and heavy brass, gold-lacquered trimmings. Malleable castings that never break. Detachable ball-bearing casters. 4½ or 4 or 3½ feet wide. 6½ feet long. Head, 4½ feet. Foot, 3½ feet high. Corner posts, 1 inch in diameter. Very strong and will last a lifetime.

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If you remit in advance, you will receive in addition a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the Soaps or Premium disappoints. Safe delivery guaranteed. The transaction is not complete until you are satisfied.

Many girls and boys easily earn a Chautauqua Desk or other premium free by dividing the contents of a Combination Box among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the \$10.00 needed to pay our bill, and gives the young folk the premium as "a middleman's profit." The wide success of this plan confirms all our claims.

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READ NOTES BELOW.

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Enough to last an Average Family One Full Year.

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All for \$10. (Premium gratis.) Actual Retail Value	\$20

earnest devotion to the work contributed much to the success of the convention. The earnest prayers of the morning session for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit were heard and answered. The love-feast, conducted by Rev. J. S. Wadsworth, was an hour of spiritual refreshing. An eminently practical and suggestive paper on "Mercy and Help" was read by Miss A. Lillian Franklin, of South Manchester. Mrs. Lina McPherson, of Rockville, was particularly pertinent and happy in her address on "The Work of the Social Department," which fairly bristled with telling points. Mr. George W. Ferris showed us the ideal Epworth League worker, and made us want to be more like him. An open conference for free discussion of plans and methods, brought out some very helpful suggestions and discussions. At the evening session Rev. J. H. James emphasized the need of practical work for temperance through the Mercy and Help department. The speaker of the

evening was Rev. John Oldham, of Moosup, and his theme, "The Religious Activities of Our Young People," was very timely. Rich in practical thought, forcefully illustrated by telling incidents, the address was one which we could wish all our great Epworthian host could hear, and, having heard, would practice. The singing was an important feature of the convention. Inspiring praise services in which holy song lifted the convention Godward on the wings of praise, and special selections by the local church choir, enlivened the program. The solos by Mrs. F. C. Gould and Mr. Ernest Ehlers, and duets by Mrs. Gould and her sister, Miss Winnie Merrill, were rendered most effectively and called out the spontaneous applause of the convention. The Burnside Church is rich in the possession of these two elect sisters whose hearts and voices are consecrated to the service of Christ and His church. The local League chapter had made abundant preparations for the comfort and

entertainment of their guests, and the storm without was forgotten in the delightful fellowship and sociability of the occasion.

SCRIPTUM.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

West Thornton and Ellsworth.—We had the hardest Sunday's travel of the winter at this place. Twenty miles to ride, with a crust on the snow that cut the horse's feet, and for three miles left blood at every step. Day very stormy. Congregations necessarily small. The pastor, Rev. A. P. Reynolds, has the faculty of getting there, no matter what the weather. He has had a year of good revival work at Ellsworth; twenty-six sought the Lord. The results have not been so encouraging at West Thornton, still the work is in good condition. There is a universal desire for his return for a third year.

Lisbon.—A great shock came to this church and to the entire Conference, when it was announced, March 18, that Rev. James D. LeGro was dead. No one knew that he had been ill. For some days he had complained of his head troubling him. Friday he was about the house, and retired in the evening, saying he would feel better in the morning. Not appearing as early as usual, a messenger went to his room and found him in bed, lying on his face, cold in death. He had probably been dead some hours. His housekeeper was his niece, Miss Mary Wallace, who was greatly overcome by the blow. His church feels the loss most keenly. They had learned to love him very much. He was popular with all classes. His congregations had increased quite a good deal. At the quarterly conference, held only four days before his death, he had a unanimous and very enthusiastic invitation to return for another year. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning, the 21st, in the church. Though coming at the early hour of 9 o'clock, the house was packed with people. The services were in charge of the presiding elder, and were participated in by Rev. J. M. Wathen of the Congregational Church of the village, Revs. E. E. Thompson, Thos. Whiteside, L. R. Danforth, W. C. Bartlett, and E. N. Jarrett. Revs. C. M. Howard and J. B. Aldrich were also present. The Odd Fellows attended in a body. The remains were taken to Milan, to be placed by the side of his wife.

Rev. C. M. Howard has been appointed pastor at Lisbon, to complete the work of the Conference year.

Personal.—Through the generosity of Dr. Irah E. Chase, of Haverhill, Mass., the students of the Seminary and the people of Tilton were favored with three lectures on foreign travel by Dr. Chase himself. They were greatly enjoyed by all.

Rev. Daniel Onstott desired to attend the funeral of Rev. J. D. LeGro. He started for Littleton on the stage. It had only gone about half way when it broke down. Then he attempted to reach the station on foot. He had to wade snow, sometimes to his waist, and reached the crossing at Apthorp to see the train go whizzing past. It is needless to say he was greatly disappointed.

By the time this item gets into print the Conference Directory will probably be sent out to the preachers. It is quite an illuminated edition. B.

Manchester District

Londonderry.—This nice country charge has a fine church edifice, comfortable parsonage and good endowment. The people are well-to-do country people. There is a nice congregation, and they expect to raise and pay to the pastor before Conference the balance (\$118) now unpaid on his claim of \$500.

Derry, First Church, is enjoying and being profited by the ministry of Rev. J. W. Adams, who helps in every way, as is his wont. Two new workers have come in here, and were introduced to the official family circle at the last quarterly meeting.

Derry, St. Luke's, regrets the purpose of Rev. H. E. Allen to ask for a change at the close of this his fourth year. During his administration a new parsonage, one of the best in the Conference, has been built, and 71 accessions to the church have "come in by the door." But, alas! six of the strong men of the society have gone to the other country—Messrs. Williams, Myers,

Durkee, Adams, Moore and Major—all men of hearty interest in the work of this church, the two last named being men of unique personality, rugged integrity and outspoken sincerity, as well as kindly spirit. Mr. Major's death was by an almost instantaneous transition, on Monday morning, March 20. As he sat in his own home, conversing with his wife, he "was not, for God had taken him." To him more than to any other one, perhaps, was due the beautiful church home and vestry, as he made possible the building by assuring the builders.

Grasmere.—Rev. E. S. Collier, pastor of the Grasmere and Goffstown churches, has received unanimous invitations from both churches to return another year.

Salem, Pleasant St., has had a year of prosperity. Mr. Tenney, of Methuen, in memory of his father and mother, presented the society with a beautiful pipe organ, price \$2,500; and that they might be able to install it suitably without financial embarrassment, he also gave \$500 of the amount needed to build a suitable recess for the organ loft, which is now completed without debt. And on the lower floor of the same, by the excellent taste and hearty work of Pastor Quimby and his wife, generously supplemented by many others, is a nicely carpeted primary Sunday-school room, fitted with folding chairs, in purchasing which the children with great enthusiasm took part, the boys by raising corn and the girls by trading with a dime capital; and the experience meeting at which the results were announced was a time of great delight to young and old alike. This Sunday-school has 105 enrolled members, and the largest number in attendance any Sunday since New Year's day was 94. The quarterly conference, on motion of G. W. Thom, heartily invited the return of the pastor for next year.

Henniker.—Rev. G. R. Locke and Wilbur F. Blaisdell, committee on improvements, have raised the money and put a beautiful steel ceiling into this church, painted it and all the inside wood-work except the pews with lead and oil, and kalsomined the walls. By much hard personal work on the part of the committee and others, the work is finished without debt. The next thing in view is the introduction of modern, easy seats for the audience-room. The success of the enterprise already is a surprise to all the community.

SIRON.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Industry and Starks.—There are many abandoned farms in this section, taxes are high, and there are many discouragements; but there are some noble souls who are holding on. At Industry one of the most prominent men in the town, Mr. F. W. Patterson, who has been for a long time first selectman, has represented the town in the legislature and been county commissioner, though not a member of the church has for a long time acted as janitor of the church without compensation. He is a trustee, and this service is by no means his only contribution to the cause. At Starks we were surprised to find even a small congregation gathered at the height of the blizzard on Wednesday afternoon for a preaching service. Here, also, for more than a dozen years, Mr. Burges Frederick, a prosperous farmer, has been the faithful janitor; and now his son, one of the selectmen, takes up the work. They live more than half a mile from the church. Money has been given for a fine new range for the parsonage. Agnes, the pastor's younger daughter, is attending the high school. Rev. J. Moulton and his family are highly esteemed, and his return for the third year has been unanimously requested. Only two pastors have served this charge three consecutive years.

Bingham and Mayfield.—A faithful little band is holding on at Bingham. At Moscow a class has been formed with an average attendance of 25, and there is a Sunday-school of 45 members. Nearly all the people of the neighborhood come to the preaching service. At our last visit about fifty were present; one young man, who had been at work hard, came without his supper! We held services at all parts of this large charge. The people are poor and work hard. The grippe has prevailed to an alarming extent. Since September 14 have joined from probation, 2 by letter, and 16 on probation.

At Brighton the town owns the church edifice; at their town meeting they choose the janitor. This is something of a union of church and state. We had a good attendance there at our last visit. Rev. B. V. Davis, a local preacher, is an untiring worker.

North Anson.—Rev. J. E. Clancy found three subscribers to ZION'S HERALD and has secured nine new ones. He is a close student and a hard and faithful worker. We stopped over here for



For Epicures and Invalids

Both the professional cook and the trained nurse appreciate the value of KEYSTONE Silver White GELATINE. From this pure, refined gelatine, the one makes dainty dishes that would tempt an anchorite, and the other prepares light yet wholesome jellies as a nourishing food for children and the most delicate invalids. By following the recipes (written by famous chefs) that are found in each box of

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the most inexperienced cook or housewife can make fruit, wine and meat jellies, Spanish cream, charlottes, sherbets and many other desserts as delicious as those that are served anywhere. Keystone Silver White Gelatine makes the clearest, finest jelly, has no disagreeable taste and being perfectly pure and unadulterated, dissolves quickly in hot water.

If you cannot get it of your grocer, send us his name and we will mail you a sample package and recipes by leading cooks of the country. Large box mailed for 15 cents.

MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, DETROIT, MICH.
Largest makers of Gelatine in the world.



an extra service on Monday evening, March 13, and found a good congregation. More has been paid for the support of preaching than for several years past; and nearly \$200 towards the extinguishment of the parsonage debt and for furniture.

High St., Auburn.—This church is favored with marked evidence of interest and prosperity under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. C. S. Cummings. On Sunday morning that royal layman, George P. Martin, called upon the congregation to raise a floating debt of \$1,200, and in a little time \$1,217 was pledged. The people made it an act of worship, and when it was done, sang the doxology. The pastor is preaching a series of sermons on Sunday evenings as follows: "Modern Shibboleths," "The Failure of Modern Infidelity and Skepticism," "Uncrowned Kings," "The Way of the Transgressor." The Lewiston Evening Journal of Feb. 6 contains an excellent sermon by Mr. Cummings upon "Our Public Amusements."

Madison.—We made an extra and an informal call here. Things are moving finely. There is quite a business boom. It will need a strong man to keep our church on the up-grade. Rev. F. C. Norcross has made a good record here.

Skowhegan.—Here we also met the officials informally. A large majority desire the return for the fifth year of Rev. B. C. Wentworth. At a recent church roll-call about 250 sat down to supper, and 100 responded, by word or letter, to the call. It has been a hard year financially.

Gardiner.—No church on the district is in a better condition. The last quarterly conference was largely attended and full of enthusiasm. A large number of reports were read which showed earnest and successful work on all lines. The Sunday-school has had an attendance of 176, the largest on record, and, notwithstanding the many stormy Sabbaths and prevailing sickness, the average has been 132. The League and Junior League are doing splendid work. The former has re-seated the small vestry with fifty-five chairs. Both the Woman's Foreign and the Woman's Home Missionary Societies are doing excellent work. Conversions are frequent and the church has had large additions. Seven have died since July. The average weekly offering has been more than \$30. By a unanimous vote the return of Rev. A. A. Lewis was requested.

Miscellaneous.—It is hoped that special Easter services will be held, and that generous offerings will be made to the missionary cause on all the charges.

Let us gather up the fragments during these last weeks and make as good a report as possible on all lines.

The spring term opens very auspiciously at Kent's Hill. A. S. L.

For Sleeplessness

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. PATRICK BOOTH, Oxford, N. C., says: "Have seen it act admirably in insomnia, especially of old people and convalescents. A refreshing drink in hot weather and in cases of fevers."

Lasell Seminary

This well-known school is just closing a very successful and prosperous winter term. The rigorous New England climate has given stimulus to hard study, while the general health of the students has been remarkably good. The comfortable internal arrangements of the Seminary buildings have almost transformed "dreary winter into glorious summer." The usual lectures and concerts have been provided for the instruction and entertainment of the pupils. Among the lectures has been a course on House Decoration, Architecture and Dressing. The concerts have been in part furnished by imported talent, but to some extent the students have done the work. The departments of vocal and instrumental music and elocution more than supply talent for all the entertainments needed. The music departments give the last concert of the term.

The advantages of the nearness of the Sem-



Pillsbury's VITOS,

the ideal wheat food for breakfast, is natural nourishment. Women who wish to be plump, neither too stout nor too thin, should eat Pillsbury's Vitos. It feeds both body and brain without overheating the blood. All grocers sell it.

Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., (Inc.)

Minneapolis, Minn.

inary to Boston and the convenience of reaching the city add greatly to the student life. The Symphony Concerts, coming once a week during the entire winter, and the musicales of the Cecilia and Apollo Clubs, as well as special concerts of a high order of merit, give opportunities of hearing the best talent. These are features of the life at Lasell which all the girls appreciate.

Much attention has been given to religious teachings and culture, quite independent of sectarian peculiarities. A Christian Endeavor Society is maintained by the students, weekly addresses are given to the school, on some part of the Scriptures, on Sunday mornings, and a regular Bible course is pursued throughout the year.

Few of the students coming from a distance return home during the Easter recess. They take the opportunity to visit their friends in the vicinity.

It Will Surprise You — Try It

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. Get it of your druggist or send 10 cents to

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Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. — Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

After Using Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. Joseph Stewart, Grand Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail.

Sweet-toned Church Bells

The tone of a church bell is a matter of great interest to the whole community, and a bell that maintains a pure, sweet, mellow tone year after year is a blessing to the neighborhood where it is hung. In selecting a church bell there are other qualities to be considered — capacity, durability and cost, as well as tone. The Blymyer church bells are made by the Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., at Cincinnati, Ohio. They send a descriptive booklet to any one who is interested in the subject.

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For health, rest, Massage, Vacuum and Nauheim Treatments, Electricity, Hydro-Electric, Turkish, Russian, Mineral Water and all other baths and health appliances. Sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Elevator, Steam, Open Fires, Suites with Baths. A dry, quiet, tonic air with much sunshine. SARATOGA waters. Send for illustrated circular.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY is commended by educators and philologists almost without exception. The definitions are clear and explicit, the different meanings are given in the order of their development, the pronunciation is indicated by the ordinary diacritical marks taught in the public schools. It is the safe guide of all who would speak and write the English language correctly.

FOR SALE Nice Cottage, eight rooms. Summer home; best location on Williamantic, Ct., Camp-ground.

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SAMPLE COPIES SENT POST FREE, 20 CTS. EACH.
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Mellin's food is not a medicine, but it is so perfect an infant's food, and has done so much and so great good all over the world that it has won a deservedly high place in medical opinion. It is prescribed by physicians everywhere and is constantly praised by mothers, proud of their healthy, happy children.

Save the Pennies.

Few people realize the value made and saved by buying family supplies in quantities. We do not consider the cost each year for any one article of daily use in the home; the item of Soap in a year, counts not a little! Did you ever figure up how much? Try it, and learn how much your Soap costs you in one year; you will be surprised at the amount thus paid out. The Larkin Soap Company tell our subscribers how to save money in the purchase of this household necessity; not only do they give a very large box of the best Soap, but additional value in a beautiful, useful premium. The "Factory to Family" plans of this Company, though unique, is none the less wonderful in the great values given. Many youths and children have earned a \$10 Larkin Premium by selling several boxes among neighbors and friends, thereby gaining their first knowledge of practical business. That the Company have faith in their Soap giving satisfaction, is evidenced by their offer of thirty days' trial of goods before you pay the bill.

"The Superannuate's Lot"

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to suggest in a word how to better his lot. Begin at this end, and pay him his salary in full. If all the superannuates had what is honestly due them from churches they have served, much of the difficulty would be removed. The church that "estimates" salary should, to be morally right and strictly honest, pay that estimate in full. It will be better for the Methodist Church if no more deficiencies are reported in the matter of salary than to raise a Twentieth Century Thank Offering. It is more to the credit of a man or a company to pay their bills than to make large presents.

WILL AUSTIN.

Health for ten cents. Cascarets make the bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

CHURCH REGISTER

CONFERENCE	PLACE	TIME	BISHOP
N. Y. East.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	April 5.	Vincent
New York.	Newburgh, N. Y.	" 5.	Joyce
N. E. Southern.	Provincetown, Mass.	" 5.	Mallalieu
Troy.	Burlington, Vt.	" 12.	Goodsell
New England.	Boston, Mass.	" 12.	Mallalieu
New Hampshire.	Lancaster, N. H.	" 12.	Vincent
Maine.	Farmington, Me.	" 12.	Vincent
East Maine.	Rockland, Me.	" 19.	Foss
Vermont.	Newport, Vt.	" 19.	Mallalieu

UNIVERSITY BANQUET. - The annual banquet of the Boston University men of the New England Southern Conference will probably be held in Odd Fellows Hall, Provincetown, Thursday, April 6, at noon. Further notice will be given at Conference.

J. N. GEISLER, Sec.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE. - All the brethren having work in both Old and New Testament Exegesis are requested to forward their papers by mail to the undersigned not later than April 10. Your prompt attention will save much inconvenience.

Orono, Me. C. C. WHIDDEN.

NEW ENGLAND SOUTHERN CONFERENCE RAILROAD NOTICE. - With the understanding that at least 140 persons will go to Provincetown on Tuesday, April 4, I have secured a special train to run from Yarmouth to Provincetown on that day. This train will leave Boston at 1.08 p. m., Middleboro at 2.18. At Middleboro connection can be made with trains from Providence, Taunton and Plymouth. Be sure and patronize the special train on Tuesday, April 4.

GEO. M. HAMLEN, Sec. Trans.

IMPORTANT NOTICE to the members of the New England Conference: Please report in your statistics, under "Missionary Debt," all money collected for that purpose, whether this year or last or the year before, without any reference whatever to Missionary apportionments.

ARTHUR PAGE SHARP, Statistical Sec.

LADIES' AID UNION. - The annual meeting of the Methodist Ladies' Aid Union will be held in the First Church, Salem St., Medford, Mass., Friday, March 31. Sessions at 10 and 1.45. Trains leave Union Station, western Div., at 9.35 a. m. and 12.42 p. m. Basket lunch. Mrs. F. B. HAWLEY, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE. - All candidates for examination will please report at the M. E. Church in Lancaster, Monday evening, April 16, where they will be greeted by the board of examiners.

C. W. ROWLEY, Pres.

BOSTON MISSIONARY AND CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY. - The annual meeting of this Society will be held on Monday, April 3, at the Historical Room, 36 Bromfield St., at 2 p. m. All contributors to the funds of this Society are members thereof.

FREDERICK N. UPHAM, Sec.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1898.

{ SEAL }

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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MARRIAGES

GREENLIEF - OLIVER - In Industry, Me., March 21, by Rev. Joseph Moulton, George F. Greenleaf and Rosie A. Oliver, both of Stark, Me.

LYNCH - POWERS - In Mattawamkeag, Mass., Feb. 26, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, P. W. Lynch and Lettie Powers, both of Medway, Mass.

IRELAND - NICHOLS - In Mattawamkeag, Mass., March 3, by the same, Eben Ireland and Mary Nichols, both of Chester, Mass.

ADAMS - MOORE - Also, by the same, Wm. F. Adams and Lalia Moore, both of Mattawamkeag.

TUPPER - RIDLEY - In Athens, Maine, March 24, by Rev. M. S. Preble, Newell P. Tupper, of Stark, Maine, and Ida E. Ridley, of Athens.

W. H. M. S. - I wish to emphasize a request which has been oft repeated - that the auxiliaries of the W. H. M. S. send their supplies ONLY through the regular channels. Proof in hand shows that one person has received six barrels of supplies in one season, sent as per outside requests.

Mrs. CLINTON B. FISK, President W. H. M. S.

W. H. M. S. - A district meeting of Lyran District will be held in the Lyran Common Church, Tuesday, April 4. Mrs. F. W. Alsworth is to be the speaker of the afternoon, and the local work will be well represented. Morning session at 10.

Lunch will be provided by the ladies of the church at fifteen cents a plate. Two lines of street cars pass the church, leaving the Lyran R. R. Station every fifteen minutes - the Franklin St. (green cars) and the Common St. (yellow cars marked "Lynn and Boston"). The latter may be taken in Boston.

GERTRUDE K. WHIPPLE, Cor. Sec.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE EXAMINATIONS. - The Conference classes will meet in the vestries of the Pratt Memorial Church, Rockland, Tuesday, April 18, at 3 p. m., as the transportation facilities make it impossible to meet earlier without unreasonable inconvenience. Will the brethren kindly send written work to the examiners before Conference, if at all possible, in order that it may have a more careful examination. Such a course is quite likely to secure better rank. Students who cannot be present to take their examinations will notify the chairman as soon as possible. Certificates should be sent to the registrar, Rev. D. B. Dow, Guilford, before Conference.

H. E. FOSS.

MAINE CONFERENCE RAILROAD NOTICES. - The Maine Central, Grand Trunk, Portland & Rochester, Somerset, Portland & Rumford Falls, and Sandy River railroads will issue tickets to those attending Conference at Farmington for fare one way. The Boston & Maine makes the usual reduction for conventions within the bounds of the State.

The Grand Trunk, Portland & Rochester, and Boston & Maine will sell tickets through to Farmington and return. At the terminus of other roads buy tickets on the Maine Central for Farmington. These tickets will be good to go from April 17 to 23, and to return until April 26. Ask for Conference tickets to Farmington.

I. LUCE.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE COMMITTEES NOMINATED FOR 1899

PUBLIC WORSHIP - W. W. Ogier, F. E. White.

BENEVOLENT CLAIMS - M. F. Bridgman, J. M. Frost, N. La Marsh.

BIBLE CAUSE - W. A. McGraw, T. A. Hodgdon, V. E. Hills.

BOOK CONCERN AND CHURCH LITERATURE - A. J. Lockhart, J. A. Weed, I. H. Lidstone.

CHURCH EXTENSION - J. W. Hatch, J. H. Barker, A. B. Carter.

CLAIMS, CLAIMANTS AND STEWARDS - D. H. Tribou, S. L. Hanscom, T. B. Ross, C. C. Whidden, C. A. Plumer.

EDUCATION - C. H. Johnsonett, J. F. Richardson, A. H. Hanscom.

EPWORTH LEAGUE - N. B. Pearson, W. F. Campbell, B. W. Russell.

FREEDMEN'S AID AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION - G. M. Ralley, M. T. Anderson, G. H. Hamilton.

MEMOIRS - F. H. Osgood, F. W. Brooks, W. H. Dunback.

MISSIONS - W. W. Ogier, E. H. Roynton, J. W. Day.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE - G. E. Edgett, S. M. Small, C. F. Butterfield.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND TRACTS - D. R. Pierce, L. G. March, W. A. Meservey.

TEMPERANCE - Wm. Wood, J. F. Moore, B. G. Seaboyer.

RESOLUTIONS - John Tilling, H. W. Norton, D. B. Phelan.

CONFERENCE RELATIONS - C. A. Plumer, J. T. Richardson, H. W. Norton, W. L. Brown, T. J. Wright.

GENERAL QUALIFICATIONS OF CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY - D. H. Tribou, J. F. Haley, S. L. Hanscom, D. B. Phelan, J. M. Frost, F. W. Towle, A. E. Luce, J. A. Weed, S. A. Bender.

THIRDS OF APRILS - I. H. W. Wharf, J. P. Stimson, S. L. Hanscom, J. T. Richardson, T. J. Wright, C. C. Whidden, J. M. Frost.

W. W. OGIER.

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OBITUARIES

I see your crowns, the wreaths which cannot wither,
And from the city walls ye beckon me;
Come up and tarry not, oh, come up hither;
To this dear land of light we welcome thee.

Only a little while; a little longer
Of tarryance here upon these death-swept plains.
Oh, well-beloved, death is growing stronger,
And life more feeble, in these ebbing veins.

To follow you we are each day preparing.
And where you are there we shall shortly be.
Death is to us but as an angel, bearing
The keys of life and immortality.

— Horatius Bonar.

Lovell. — Henry C. Lovell resided in Kittery, Me., but died in Lynn, Mass., at the home of his son, Dr. Charles Lovell, Jan. 26, 1899, after a brief illness, in the 85th year of his age. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., July 6, 1814.

Mr. Lovell's father and mother had both been previously married, and each had a family of six children, making, at their second marriage, a united family of twelve children. Henry C. was the only child by the second marriage, his father dying before he was born, his mother ever after remaining a widow. Among his half-brothers was Rev. Stephen Lovell, for many years an able and popular Methodist minister in the Maine, New Hampshire and New England Conferences.

Henry was converted in Portland, Me., at the age of sixteen, under the efficient ministry of his brother Stephen, who was at the time pastor of the Chestnut St. Church in that city. This youthful disciple soon became an active and earnest worker in the church, and for more than a quarter of a century he was a leading member of that old and honored church, filling, always acceptably, the offices of class-leader, trustee, Sunday-school superintendent, and was always the most popular leader in the prayer-meeting song-service that Chestnut St. Church ever had. As an exhorter, before that gift became a lost art in

the Methodist Church, he was peerless. His fine social qualities made him a favorite among all classes, and pre-eminently so among the young people, with whom he was always popular. In his 85th year the young people of his church made him an honorary member of the Epworth League. I was his pastor at Chestnut St., and later at the Clark Memorial, Woodfords, and am able to speak of my friend advisedly in these matters.

Mr. Lovell was an earnest, whole-souled Methodist, and wherever he chanced to be the people were made to know it. And yet, he was far from being a bigoted sectarian. When the church at Woodfords, now Clark Memorial, was organized, Mr. Lovell removed to that suburb, and threw his whole soul into the enterprise. But for him, we doubt if the Clark Memorial Church could have been commenced at that time. Dr. E. Clark was the financial support so far as the church building was concerned, but Mr. Lovell was the soul of its spiritual prosperity while he remained a member.

Mr. Lovell was by occupation a sail-maker, and for many years the firm of Leavitt & Lovell was the leading sail-making establishment in Portland. In later years Mr. Lovell received a Government appointment, to take charge of the sail-making department of the Kittery Navy Yard. He held this position for twenty-four years, up to within a few months of his death.

Mr. Lovell was twice married — first to Mary de Creny, in 1835. To them were born six children, all of whom, save a daughter, have passed away. He married, for his second wife, Ellen Smith, of St. John, N. B. Of their two children one died in infancy, and the other — Charles Lovell, M. D. — is a successful practicing physician in Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Lovell is a cousin of Rev. Dr. John D. Pickles, the present pastor of Tremont St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston.

Mr. Lovell had been in poor health for some time, and concluded to come to Lynn with his wife, where he might be with their son for a season. He was attacked with the grippe, which quite prostrated him; his great energy, however, kept him up most of the time; but in sixteen days from the time he left his home in Maine, God called him to his home above. Death came unexpectedly to all. He walked about the house as usual, though very weak, and came into his room, laid himself down on his bed, and was not, for God had taken him, yielding up his breath "as dies a wave along the shore."

Forty years ago Mr. Lovell obtained from me the pledge that, if he should pass away before I did, I should attend his funeral. But when the time came, I was prostrated by the same trouble of which he died. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. E. Davis, pastor of Lynn Common Church, and Rev. John D. Pickles. The remains were taken to Portland, Me., his old home, and rest beside his first wife and children in Evergreen Cemetery.

An affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent father, an earnest Christian, a true friend, and an honored member of the church has gone, and of him it may well be said: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" We commend the afflicted widow, son and daughter, to the prayerful sympathies of all who love the Lord. Mrs. Lovell since her husband's death has suffered from an attack of paralysis, but with fair hope of recovery.

WM. McDONALD.

Clarke. — Mrs. Susan L. Clarke was born in Portsmouth, R. I., Feb. 20, 1815, and died in Newport, R. I., Jan. 24, 1899.

Mrs. Clarke was daughter of Peleg and Susan B. Thurston, of Portsmouth, where she early connected herself with the Christian Church. She was united in marriage with Mr. John Clarke, April 11, 1842. A few years later they moved to Newport, and built a house on the northern borders of the city, where they lived nearly twenty years, when Mr. Clarke died from an injury received a few years before in the September gale, 1869. Mrs. Clarke continued to live in the same house, seeing the city quietly advancing in homes and wealth around and far beyond her once pioneer residence in that part of the city. Here she lived and died in the midst of precious memories and sympathizing friends.

Mrs. Clarke united with the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Newport, where she was a constant attendant and an earnest worker for nearly half a century. Nothing but the most urgent reasons could prevent her from attending

the services of the church. She regarded it as the borderland between this world and the next, where the invisible and spiritual things of God were the most abundantly received. She was known to a large number of people and her friendly visits are recalled with many pleasant memories.

About three years ago she was injured by an accident, and after that was confined to her home as long as she lived. In the first two years of her sickness she often expressed the wish that she might attend church again. But in the last year, and especially in the last three months, she said, "I am weary and wish to go home." She has gone, but has left a record of faithful service.

She leaves one brother, Mr. Parker H. Thurston, with whom she long resided, and who is now the only surviving member of a large family.

J. H. ALLEN.

Palmer. — Moses G. Palmer passed into the heavens from his home in Portland, Me., Dec. 27, 1898, after a lingering illness of nearly three years. He was born in Norridgewood, Me., Sept. 19, 1822.

In February, 1847, he was married to Martha J. Ayer, daughter of Rev. Philip Ayer. Their golden wedding was celebrated by their many friends of Chestnut St. Church in the winter of '97, at which time Mr. Palmer, though declining in health, in response to a congratulatory address in connection with a golden offering, recited a lengthy poem appropriate to the occasion. Committing and reciting poetry was with him a favorite pastime through all his life.

Mr. Palmer was converted and united with the church at Walpole under the labors of Rev. E. A. Manning, in 1850, while engaged in business in Foxboro. Soon after he moved to Portland, and identified himself with Chestnut St. Church, and was a liberal contributor to all its interests through all his busy life. He was one of the building committee in the construction of the present edifice, and continued a trustee until his death. He was one of the charter members and treasurer of the Orchard Beach Camp-meeting Association, a life-long worker in temperance reform in its many phases, and always active in every good word and work. He was one of the prime movers in many of the improvements in the city of Portland, among which were the street railway and electric lights.

Notwithstanding his busy life he always took time for family devotions, at which he read the Bible consecutively with Clarke's Commentaries. He was an appreciative reader of ZION'S HERALD from early manhood to within a week or two of the close of his life.

He bore the discomforts of his long illness with patient resignation, and to the last expressed his unshaken confidence in the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose faith he passed away.

His devoted wife and son George survive him.

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CONSUMPTION

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I. LUCE.

Sanborn.—Mrs. Mary Estes Sanborn, daughter of James and Joanna (Harris) Estes, was born in Berwick, Me., and died in Milton Mills, N. H., Jan. 27, 1899.

At the age of eight she was converted, and at twelve years of age she was baptized and united with the church. Her faith in Christ from this time on to the close of her earthly life never faltered, and her devotion to the cause so near her heart was all-absorbing. While never of a very large or robust frame, yet she was spared till eight more than the threescore and ten. During all these years her presence at the house of God was like a benediction, and although in these latter years her mind was clouded, yet her experience was bright and her testimony clear.

Her death was due, as was the death of two of her sisters, to a fall which fractured her hip, and though the pain was great, yet she neither murmured nor complained, and when visited by her pastor was bright and happy in the love of Christ.

She was twice married—first to Mr. James Jewett. Of their four children all are now deceased. Her second husband was Abram Sanborn, by which union three children came to her care—Mary R., Frank M. and Hiram W.—who mourn her as a mother gone. One of these children after her death said, "I never heard mother speak a cross, unkind or harsh word to or of anybody." Besides this immediate family she leaves one brother.

The funeral was held from the Methodist Church, conducted by her pastor, the writer, assisted by Rev. E. W. Churchill, of the Free Baptist Church of Acton, Maine. The large company present attested the hold of her quiet, unassuming yet deeply religious life upon the love and respect of the community. Her body awaits the resurrection trump, while her spirit has returned to God who gave it.

EUGENE J. DEANE.

Mathews.—Mrs. Mary R. Mathews, wife of Wm. R. Mathews, was born in Searsmont, Me., Feb. 10, 1819, and went to her final home, Feb. 7, 1899.

She gave her heart to God early in life, and at the age of sixteen joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Searsmont. She was a true Christian, a loving wife and a devoted mother, always bearing testimony to the saving power of Christ.

Death came suddenly, but it found her ready. She was married at the age of twenty, and her husband is now deprived of the presence of one who has been with him in sorrow and in joy, whose life has been identified with his for almost sixty years. The children miss the mother who sacrificed her own comfort, ease and welfare for their benefit, trying to make them happy, good, and useful; the grandchildren also who have been like her own children in her painstaking care for them. We point these mourning ones to her Christ, that He may be theirs at all times.

N. R. PEARSON.

Strong.—Mrs. Charlotte Wesson Strong was born Dec. 6, 1817, and died, Feb. 19, 1899.

She was converted in her sixteenth year and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Millbury. In her seventeenth year she removed to Worcester, and the same year was married to Francis Strong, for some years a member of the firm of Strong & Rogers, coal dealers. She united with the Methodist Church in the Meadows on coming to Worcester, and has thus been identified with the denomination through nearly the whole of its history in this city. Until two years ago she was a regular and faithful attendant at the services of Trinity Church.

In the death of Mrs. Strong, Worcester Methodism loses its oldest member and an earnest and sweet spirit from its ranks. In the days when she had strength she was one of its hardest workers.

Mr. Strong died several years before his wife. Three children survive the mother—two sons, Wm. G. and George A. Strong, and a daughter, Mrs. H. P. Duncan, with whom Mrs. Strong spent the last years of her life.

The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 22, at the home of Mrs. Duncan, attended by many members of the church and friends of the family, the pastor of Trinity Church officiating.

G. W. K.

A Problem for the Medical Profession to Solve

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Jan. 13, 1899.
Dr. D. M. BYE, Indianapolis, Ind.

MY DEAR Dr. BYE—Your little short letter is received with thanks, and we appreciate your kindness more than words can tell, for you have truly been a friend indeed, as well as one in need. I am almost sorry our correspondence is about at an end. Besides being a pleasant one, it has been so entirely satisfactory, not only to myself, but to my whole family. Did I ever tell you how cancer got rooted in our family? It happened in this way. My great grandmother had children so fast her health failed. She selected a fine young slave for a wet nurse for her three last children. The slave died in middle age with cancer of the breast. The three children she nursed died in old age with cancers. Strange to say, my grandfather's two children who resembled him the strongest (my mother and sister) have had cancers. The sister is dead. My mother is cured by your treatment. Please Doctor, let me implore you, not to let this grand discovery of yours die. When you are gone, leave it as a legacy to this suffering, pitiful miserable world.

Yours with a heart full of thanks.

Persons afflicted with Cancer or Tumor may address Dr. D. M. BYE, LOCK BOX 25, Indianapolis, Ind., and he will send them books and papers free, giving prices of treatment, and hundreds of letters from the afflicted from all parts of the United States and Canada who have been cured; also half-tone cuts from photographs showing facts that cannot be questioned.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Wednesday, March 22

- Transport Sherman arrives at Manila.
- Two women killed and many injured at a fire in Omaha.
- Statue of Isabella II. removed from Central Park, Havana; another street fight in that city.
- Gen. Otis cables that he is unable to send volunteers to the United States at once.
- A circular has been issued by the Philippine Commissioners to the people of the Philippines explaining our attitude.
- Convention between Great Britain and France delimiting their respective frontiers in the Valley of the Nile signed in London by Lord Salisbury and M. Cambon, the French minister.
- Another explosion occurs in the French War Department; three officials injured.

Thursday, March 23

- Secretary Alger and party leave Washington for Savannah, en route to Cuba.
- Colorado railroads again blocked by snow.
- All operatives of the Warren, R. I., cotton mills strike.
- New England Electric Vehicle Co. incorporated; capital \$25,000,000.
- Three hundred pounds of smokeless powder explodes at the Dupont Powder Works, Carney Point, N. J., killing three workmen.
- Grave differences have arisen between England and Jamaica owing to the persistent efforts of England to have a tariff bill pass the Jamaica legislature.
- Several Spanish newspapers, including Weyler's organ, seized by the Government for publishing a rumor that the Queen Regent would abdicate and marry.
- All Germans in Samoa protest against the retention of Chief Justice Chambers.
- Korean cabinet dismissed and several ministers banished because of so many changes in office.

Friday, March 24

- Orders issued by the War Department practically deprive the head of the army of all authority over chiefs of the staff corps.
- Ex-Secretary Sherman transferred from the steamer Paris to the cruiser Chicago to be brought to this country.
- Race war in Little River County, Arkansas; seven negroes lynched.
- Fall River's new public library opened to the public.
- The Michigan legislature passes a bill providing for the municipal ownership of street railways in Detroit.
- A Methodist church insurance company incorporated.
- The transport Roumania sails from Santiago with the bodies of 554 soldiers who died in Cuba and 120 who died in Porto Rico.
- Cuban Assembly reported to have appointed Gen. Maso as the successor to Gen. Gomez as commander-in-chief of the Cuban army.
- Reports from St. Petersburg say that the famine is spreading.

Saturday, March 25

- Governor Roosevelt testifies before the beef investigation commission in New York.
- Death of Hon. Francis H. Pierpont, first governor of West Virginia, aged 84 years.
- Four persons killed and three seriously injured at a fire in Memphis, Tenn.

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- Standard Oil Company's investigation closes.
- The new Minister from Mexico to the United States arrives in Washington.
- The Relief, carrying a hospital corps consisting of 150 men and 7 women nurses and physicians, with medical supplies, arrives at Perim, at the entrance to the Red Sea.
- Fierce fighting in the Philippines; our loss reported to be 15 killed and 130 injured in the first day's fighting.
- Six thousand garment makers agree to strike in Philadelphia at noon today.
- Venezuelan rebels under Gen. Guerra meet with a crushing defeat.
- Madame Dreyfus' plea for exclusion of certain judges refused, and she is fined a small sum by the Cour de Cassation.
- A scheme started to make the Plains of Abraham into a national park.
- Gottlieb William Leitner, distinguished Orientalist, dies in Antwerp, aged 55.
- Herbert Putnam to take charge of the Congressional Library, April 4.
- Death of Dr. James O. Murray, Dean of Princeton University.
- President McKinley and party leave Thomasville, Ga., for Washington.
- Brig.-Gen. Marcus P. Miller retires at Iloilo; presented with a souvenir, the gift of his officers.
- The insurgents retreating with all possible speed to Malolos; the American forces hope to capture the city today or tomorrow.
- Bandits in Pinar del Rio, Cuba, causing trouble and attempting to incite an uprising; U. S. troops to proceed against them.
- Anglo-French African treaty presented to the French Chamber of Deputies.

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Those of our readers or their friends afflicted with rupture or hydrocele will gain information from the book spoken of in the notice headed "Rupture" that may prove of great value to them. The doctor is highly recommended by some of our leading citizens. The editor of the *Mother's Journal* of New Haven says: "Some of our readers may have wondered why no name is attached to the notice headed 'Rupture,' which appears in our Journal. This is simply in accordance with the taste of the doctor. The notice gives his full address. He enjoys excellent standing in his profession. He has cured a severe case of rupture in our family without the use of injection or the knife."

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